

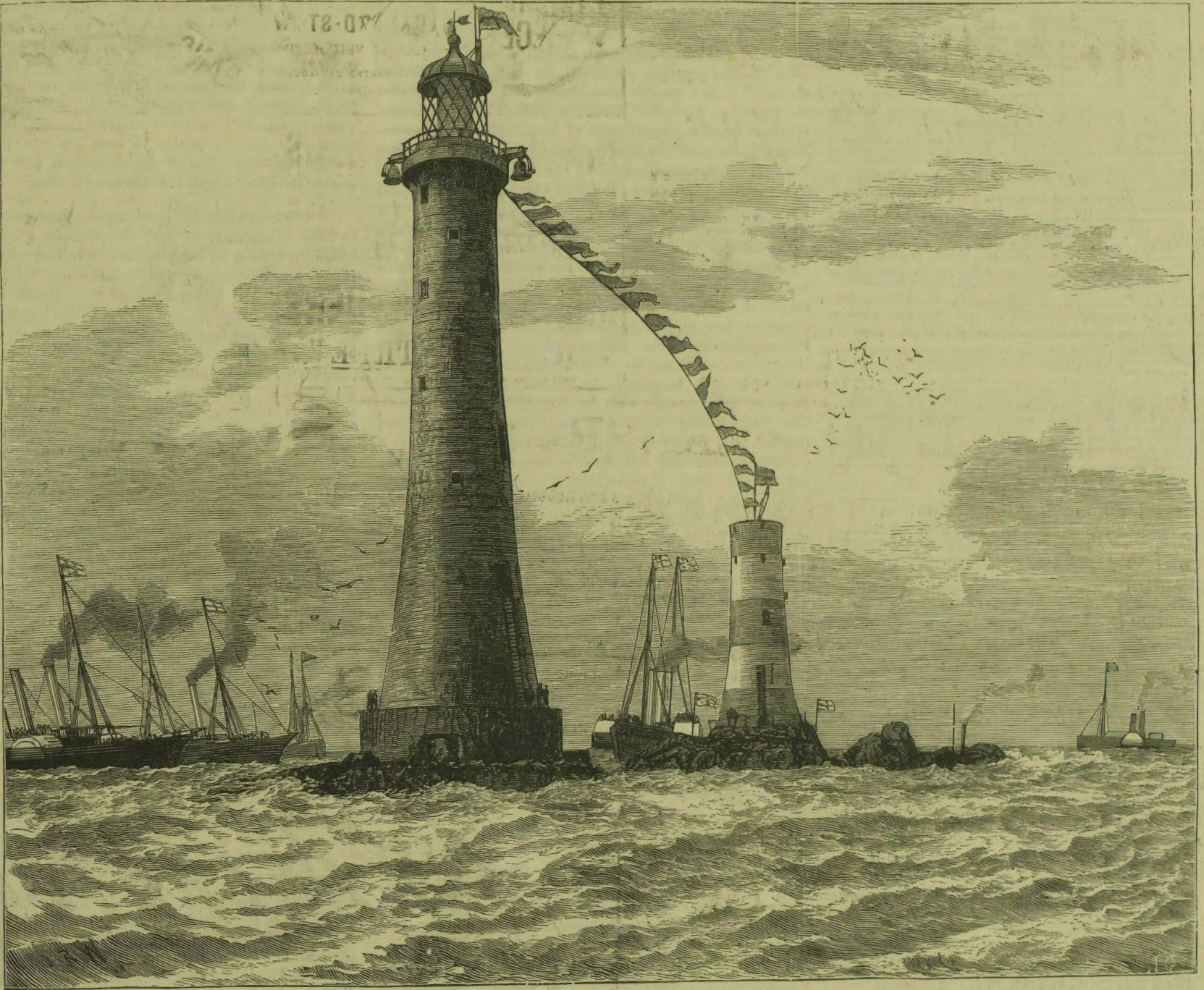
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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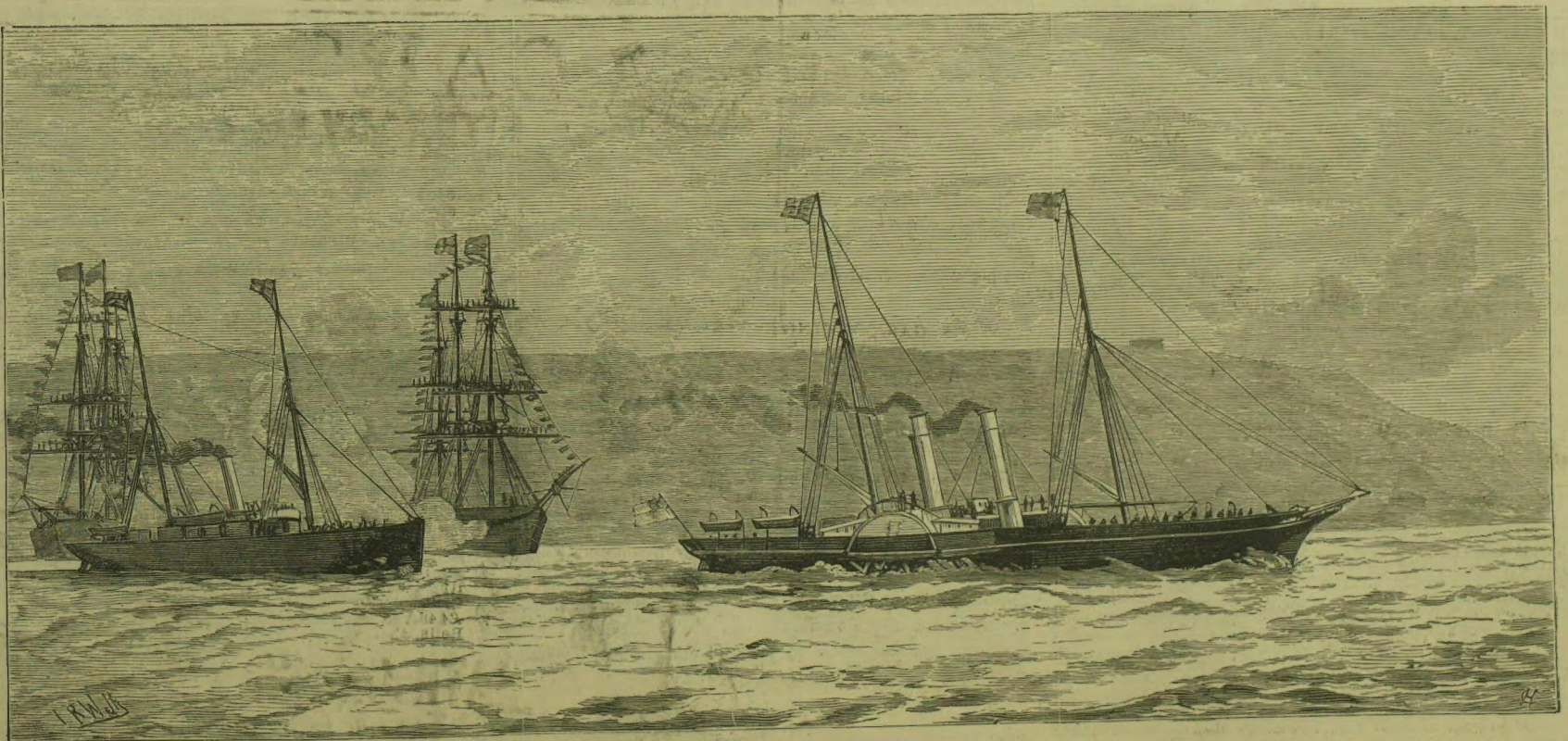
No. 2247.—VOL. LXXX.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



OPENING OF THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—SEE PAGE 510.



THE UNITED STATES' SHIPS OF WAR AT PLYMOUTH SALUTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

BIRTHS.

On March 22, at George Town, Demerara, Mrs. Reginald Farmer, of a son.

On the 20th inst., at Ripple Court, Kent, Lady Sarah Sladen, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Finchley, by the Rev. Samuel Bardsley, Carl Christoph Wilhelm, son of the late W. Schoell, Esq., of Phenigen, to Florence Emma, only daughter of Frederick Burgess, of Burgess Hall, Finchley. No cards.

On the 18th ult., at Naini Tal, N.W.P. India, William St. Pierre Bunbury, Esq., R.A., youngest son of the late Colonel Henry William St. Pierre Bunbury, C.B., to Lilian, second daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay, C.B., K.C.S.I., Commissioner of Kumaun.

DEATHS.

On May 20, at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark, Jonah Oastler, Esq., J.P. for Surrey, of Loxwood House, Alford, Sussex, in his 73rd year.

On the 19th inst., suddenly, at Rothbury, 41, Pevensey-road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Harriett Elizabeth Ingram, second daughter of the late William Ingram, Esq., Surgeon, of Midhurst, Sussex.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over ten miles.
EXTRA TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from London, on Saturday, May 27; returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—Leaving London-bridge 7.30 a.m. and 8.0 p.m.; Victoria 7.15 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., and Kensington 7.10 a.m. and 7.15 p.m., Saturday, May 27; returning from Paris any day up to and including June 9.
Fares—First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

PORTSMOUTH and ISLE OF WIGHT.—Cheap Trains, SATURDAY, MAY 27, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria, 1.0 p.m., and London Bridge, 2.30 p.m.; returning the following Tuesday.

A CHEAP TRAIN on WHIT SUNDAY from London Bridge, 8.0 a.m., calling at New-cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria, 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning same day.

A CHEAP TRAIN, WHIT MONDAY, from London Bridge, and Victoria, 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 6s. 6d.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.—A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday from London Bridge, 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria, 8.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Monday from London Bridge, 7.40 a.m., calling at New Cross and Croydon; and from Victoria, 7.31 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare, there and back, 5s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Fare, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time-Books, to be had at all Stations; and at 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; and Hays' Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill, where Tickets may be obtained.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MUNKACSY'S GREAT PICTURE.

MUNKACSY'S CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

IS NOW ON VIEW, at the CONDUIT-STREET GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W., from Ten to Six Daily. Admission, One Shilling. Under the Direction of Thos. Agnew and Sons.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from Nine till Seven. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, 6d.—GALLERY, 53, Pall-Mall.
H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at THOMAS MULEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity")—The Times and "THE ASCENSION." "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM." "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM" with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 55, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

THE LION AT HOME. By ROSA BONHEUR. This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete Engraved Works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 1A, King-street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. Ten to Six.

DE NEUVILLE'S SAVING THE QUEEN'S COLOURS AT ISANDULA. THE LAST SLEEP OF THE BRAVE (these the property of the National Fine Art Association), and THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT, NOW ON VIEW, at Messrs. Dowdswell's, 131, New Bond-street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery. Admission, One Shilling.

AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

DOORS OPEN TEN O'CLOCK.
HORSE SHOW.—This Day, Saturday, May 27, 2s. 6d.
HORSE SHOW.—Whit Monday, May 29, 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Whit Tuesday, May 30, 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Wednesday, May 31, 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Thursday, June 1, 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Last Day, Friday, June 2, 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Parade of Prize Horses every day.
HORSE SHOW.—Register of Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, for Sale. Apply to the Secretary.
HORSE SHOW.—Horses under Saddle and in Harness.
HORSE SHOW.—Leaping extra, Whit Monday.
HORSE SHOW.—Leaping Competition every Day.
HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seats, 10s. and 5s.
HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seats all New and Solid.
HORSE SHOW.—Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Entrance, Islington Green.
HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seat Entrance, Bedford-street.
HORSE SHOW.—By order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.
Agricultural Hall Company (Limited).

JUNE 15.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. GEORGE WATTS' GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Mrs. Christine Nilsson, Olga, Berzli, Sembrich, Trebelli, and Marie Røze; MM. Edward Lloyd, Massart, Foll, and Deszéké. Solo, Pianoforte, Madame Sophie Menter and Mr. Willem Coenen. Violoncello, Mons. Hollman. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Kingsbury. Tickets at Craner's, 201, Regent-street; and the usual Agents.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT.—THE MANAGERS OF THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS have great pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the celebrated German Baritone Singer,

HERR EMILE VAUSPEL,
for a limited period, commencing on
WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 29.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Special Performances of the NEW AND BRILLIANT PROGRAMME will be given as under—
WHIT-MONDAY Afternoon .. at Three. WEDNESDAY Afternoon .. at Three.
Night .. at Eight. Night .. at Eight.
WHIT-TUESDAY Afternoon .. at Three. THURSDAY and FRIDAY only at Eight.
Night .. at Eight. SATURDAY .. at Three and Eight.
Everything entirely new.

New and important engagements.

Doors open for Day Performances at Two o'Clock.

Evening .. at Seven o'Clock.

No fees. Admission, One Shilling; Area, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Fanteuils, 5s. No fees.

No charge for Programmes. No charge for booking seats.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Twice on Whit-Monday—at Three and Eight.—THE HEAD OF THE TOLL, by Arthur Law; Music by Eaton Fanning; and a Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled NOT AT HOME. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight; Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 5s. and 6s. No fees. A New Entertainment will be produced on Monday, June 5.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Fiftieth Representation of THE PARVENU, THURSDAY, JUNE 1. Seats can be booked one month in advance. Box-office hours Eleven till Five. No Fees. Doors open at 7.30.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving. Every Evening, at Eight, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Terriss; Mr. Howe, &c. Morning Performances, Saturdays, May 27; June 3 and 10, at Two o'Clock. Box-office (Mr. Hurd) open Ten to Five. 1.0th Performance June 21—Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

First appearance of Madame Pauline Lucra.—SATURDAY, MAY 27, CARMEN (to commence at 8.15) will be produced. Madame Pauline Lucra, Madame Valleria, Mons. Bouly and Signor Lestellier. Conductor, Mons. Dupont.

Monday, May 19, being Whit-Monday, there will be no performance.

Madame Sembrich.—Tuesday, May 30, LA SONNAMBULA. Madame Sembrich, Signor de Reszke, and Mons. Massart.

Madame Adelina Patti.—Wednesday, May 31, L'ETOILE DU NORD (to commence at 8.15). Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Valleria, Signor Lestellier, and Mons. Galliard.

Madame Albani.—Thursday, June 1 (first time this season), Wagner's opera, LOHENGRIN. To commence at Eight o'Clock. Madame Albani, Middle, Stahl, Signor Cotogini, and Mons. Sylva. Conductor, Mons. Dupont.

Doors open at Eight o'Clock; the Opera commences at half-past. The Box-Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, 21 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, 23 5s.; Upper Boxes, 22 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

It is refreshing to turn for a moment from the laborious legislative failures—from partisanship and obstruction—at Westminster, to the brief record of the results of the international expedition that was last week gathered not far from Thebes, "the very cradle of astronomical research," to make observations in connection with a total eclipse of the sun. Although the time has passed when such celestial portents perplexed monarchs "with fear of change," it is a curious coincidence that at this moment the Egyptian Sovereign should be engaged in a desperate struggle for the preservation of his throne and dynasty. Happily, the political dangers that encompass the Khedive have in no degree diminished the hospitality shown to the scientific strangers who had come to the valley of the Nile to watch the great eclipse. The French, Italian, and English astronomers assembled at Soliag were happily rewarded for their enterprise and patient perseverance. Although the moon is some time in passing over the sun's surface, the period of totality lasts less than two minutes, and in this brief interval the most valuable phenomena of an eclipse have to be detected and recorded by the aid of the spectroscopic and photography. The atmosphere being perfectly clear, the results were entirely successful, and when the members of the expedition return to Western Europe, they will, no doubt, be duly revealed. The fragmentary telegrams that have come to hand indicate the discovery of a comet close to the sun—a scimitar in the sky, as native language picturesquely describes it—and of something like an atmosphere enveloping the moon. More important in its ultimate effects was the successful attempts to photograph the "corona"—the outer atmosphere of the great luminary—and its spectrum. The form of the corona, as it was observed last week, may be expected to throw further light on the relation between certain solar and terrestrial phenomena, and on the alleged sympathy between solar spots and the climatic features of the earth's surface. Perhaps also we may learn something further of those so-called protuberances which, like jets of red flame, are seen around the circumference of the sun, and are conjectured to be enormous emanations of hydrogen thrown off from its inner surface. There is little doubt that the careful observations of Mr. Lockyer and his brother savans will add something definite to our knowledge of the secrets of the stupendous orb on which we are dependent for light and heat.

The opening during the present week of the St. Gothard Railway, constructed at a cost of nearly ten millions sterling, is an event not unworthy of the special celebration at Lucerne, the terminus on the Swiss side, and on the borders of the group of Italian lakes on the further side of the Alpine range. Four days have been devoted during the present week to appropriate festivities—banquets, excursions, and illuminations—in which representatives of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland took a prominent part. Frenchmen were conspicuous by their absence on the occasion. France had already tunnelled the Alps, and secured its own direct route to Italy through the great mountain chain at Mont Cenis, before the St. Gothard Railway was commenced, in 1872, and would probably have long enjoyed its monopoly, but for the disastrous issue of the Franco-German war, which enabled the three nations we have mentioned to come to terms, and plan the gigantic tunnel through the centre of the long circular chain that encompasses the North of Italy. The St. Gothard Railway is the shortest and most direct route from Germany and North Europe to the sunny plains of Italy, and will make Genoa "the Superb" a German port on the Mediterranean, as the Brenner and the Semmering lines have given the commerce of the Fatherland an outlet in the Adriatic. Of the four great railways that now pierce the Alps, the St. Gothard is the longest and most important. Whether or not the attempt to carry it out would have brought about a collision between France and Germany if the war of 1870 had not broken out, the event celebrated this week at Lucerne and Milan must have a distinct influence upon the political relations of the two great nations at either end of it. It will no longer be necessary for Generals or travellers to "scale the Alps." Engineering enterprise, it has been remarked, "has been at work about that great mountain chain with such skill and perseverance that a traveller can now sit still in his railway carriage all along the journey, and wake to be told that he has crossed the Alps without seeing them."

A public work of more humble pretensions, but of greater immediate interest to Englishmen, was inaugurated

a few days ago, when our Sailor Prince officiated at the ceremony of lighting up the new Eddystone Lighthouse under the favourable auspices of a quiet sea and a cloudless sky. As everyone knows, quite a romantic interest attaches to the several erections on the dangerous Eddystone reef. Many of them were destroyed by the furious tempests that periodically rage against that projecting ledge of rocks far out in the Channel. To these assaults of the angry waves—in one of which perished Henry Winstanley, who designed the lighthouse more than a century and half ago—Smeaton's grand tower never succumbed. For more than a century it has withstood the winds and waves of the Atlantic. But, while the artificial structure remained an unimpaired trophy of the architect's skill, its rocky base was gradually undermined by the sea, and it is pleasant to think that the old lighthouse will be re-erected on Plymouth Hoe. The new structure, built by Mr. Douglass, the architect of the Trinity House, on another part of the reef, is an improvement on its predecessor in shape and appliances, and has been constructed in accordance with the scientific principles of the day. At the entertainment in the Plymouth Townhall which followed the ceremony at Eddystone, the Duke of Edinburgh was able to testify to the beauty and solidity of Mr. Douglass's Pharos, which it may be hoped will stand erect for generations to come as a friendly beacon to save life and property by warning passing ships off the dangerous reef that lies in one of the most frequented Channel routes.

Not the slightest clue has been obtained which promises to lead to the discovery of the Phoenix Park assassins, although arrests on suspicion are from time to time made. It is reasonably conjectured that the four miscreants who stabbed Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke for obvious reasons keep together, and that very few outside a limited circle of conspirators share the terrible secret. It might be supposed that the greatness of the reward offered (£10,000) would, sooner or later, tempt the cupidity of accomplices, but it is remembered that as large a sum was many years ago offered for the discovery of the murderers of Lord Norbury, who have never to this day been discovered. Though outrages have not altogether ceased since the appalling catastrophe of May 5, there has been a remarkable abatement of agrarian crime in Ireland, and a stronger disposition on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy, from Cardinal McCabe downwards, to denounce the spirit of lawlessness. But Ireland is still the country of provoking contrarieties and strange anomalies. Whilst evictions are being carried out with all legal appliances, and on a large scale, in Connemara, where the cottiers cannot extract a subsistence from the barren soil, Earl Spencer retains his popularity as a masterful Viceroy, who gently rebukes unseasonable national demands while the disgrace of a great undiscovered crime overshadows the country. Although his Excellency and his capable Chief Secretary, Mr. Trevelyan, have done nothing to excite popular ill-will, neither they nor any of the principal officials of Dublin Castle can safely move about the city and its environs without adequate protection against the machinations of secret conspirators.

It is lamentable to record that, at this grave crisis, the bitterness of party animosity and the baneful influence of Irish-Americans are combining to frustrate the beneficial effects of a conciliatory policy, and to paralyse much-needed legislation. With the second reading of the Crimes Prevention (Ireland) Bill, which, though opposed, was not obstructed by Mr. Parnell and his adherents, and was carried by a majority of 383 to 45 votes, the limits of forbearance seem to have been reached. Mr. Davitt, recently released from prison, has openly repudiated all compromise, and avowed his intention of prosecuting the conflict till Irish landlordism is extirpated. His colleagues in Parliament, instead of retiring from public life, as they proposed, seem resolved to make use of all the forms of the House to retard the bill which is intended to crush murder and outrage in Ireland. On the other hand, the Opposition have been obstructing remedial legislation. The measure relative to arrears of rent, which proposes to meet a pressing difficulty and to dry up a fruitful source of evictions, by assisting impoverished Irish tenants to clear off the incumbrances of the past, has been opposed not so much on its merits as on the ground that the proposed gift ought to be a loan. The alleged need for full discussion led to an adjournment on Monday night, after a protracted conflict. On Tuesday, when the question was resumed, the debate almost collapsed for want of speakers. Indeed, as much time was actually consumed in deciding whether the discussion should proceed as in considering the bill on its merits. Such strange anomalies, to use a mild term, do not redound to the credit of Parliament. The bills for repressing crime and giving relief to tenants have both been read a second time by large majorities. But the time wasted on Monday and Tuesday obliged the House, contrary to custom, to sit on the Derby Day. On the first of these measures the Opposition are anxious for progress, but they have been actively hostile to the second. The tactics of the Land League members are exactly the reverse. Between the two extremes the Whitsuntide holiday is postponed, if not endangered. Should the House of Commons be obliged to sit next week in order to pass the Crime Bill through its remaining stages, it will be only a further illustration of the folly and inconvenience that may be engendered by passionate party feeling.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

To all appearance there is something wrong in the acoustic properties of the House of Lords; or else—and it would be truly deplorable were this the case—there is a deterioration in the quality of the art of Parliamentary reporting. In the Peers, on Monday, Earl Granville, replying to Lord Stratheden and Campbell on "affairs of Egypt," as the Romany Rye put it, prefaced his remarks by what should have been a very entertaining anecdote. The *Times* reports his Lordship to have said:

When M. Thiers, the late President of the French Republic, was appointed Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, he revisited his native place, called on his old schoolmaster and asked him whether he knew him. The old schoolmaster said he did not. "Do you not remember the little Adolphe?" asked M. Thiers. "Oh!" said he, "you were the little boy that was always playing tricks. What are you now?" "I am a Minister," answered M. Thiers. "Why, you don't mean to say that you have become a Protestant!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The *Daily Telegraph* puts it that M. Thiers merely said to his schoolmaster, "I am a Minister," and omits all reference to the Dominie's alarmed inquiry as to whether his ex-pupil had become a Protestant; thereby losing the whole point of the story. The *Standard* says that the schoolmaster ejaculated, "Good heavens! you don't mean to say that you have become a priest"—which is, on the face of it, absurd, seeing that Romish ecclesiastics in France are not termed "ministers;" the *Daily News* report is identical, as to the "Protestant," with that of the *Times*; and the *Morning Post* cautiously leaves out the story altogether.

There is another version of the story which I remember finding many years ago in the "Random Readings" of the *Family Herald*; and, unless I am very much mistaken, the anecdote was re-told in this page, or in a leading article "in another place," in September, 1877, shortly after the death of the illustrious French statesman in question. It ran to the effect that M. Thiers, after his resignation of the portfolio of the Interior, went down to his native place, Marseilles, and visited his old schoolmaster. In the course of conversation the ancient preceptor said, "And you, my child, what have you been doing all these years?" "I have been Minister," replied, with pardonable self-consciousness, the historian of the Consulate and the Empire. "De quel culte?"—of what persuasion?—innocently asked the schoolmaster.

Mem.: The story goes thoroughly on all fours with that of the old fellow-student of Mr. J. E. Millais, who, after a long lapse of years, chanced casually to meet him in the course of a suburban stroll, and, telling him that he (the old gentleman) was doing very well as a drawing master in ladies' boarding schools in the North Western district, concluded by saying to the illustrious Royal Academician "And you, my friend, are you still interested in the Arts?" I tell the tale as it was told to me; and there may be another and a better version of it.

When I was young I was under the impression—and it was a very strong impression—that the proceedings of a private club of gentlemen were as strictly "tiled" as the mysteries of a Masonic Lodge, and that it was little less than high treason against decorum to make the internal affairs of a club a matter for public discussion. The impression of which I speak has been for many years and in many other matters of great use to me, especially in compiling these "Echoes," which may occasionally appear desperately dull because they do not contain a sufficiency of "scan-mag." Were I to turn this page into a "Society" one, and repeat in it a tithe of what I know and a fiftieth part of what I hear every week, I think that I could contrive to set "Society" London in a blaze in less than a fortnight.

Thus, holding Silence, under certain circumstances, to be, not only golden, but a diamond of the purest water, I am unable to suppress—what shall I say, my indignation?—well, my blank and sheer amazement, at finding that the private affairs of the Reform Club, Pall-mall, have been during the last three weeks, not only "tossed upon tongues," but made the theme for leading articles in at least half a dozen influential London newspapers, and I know not how many provincial ones. The *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Saturday Review* have all been editorially "exercised" about the Reform; and the *Observer* of last Sunday actually published in *extenso* those of the Club Rules which regulate the election of candidates. Club Rules published in a Sunday newspaper! Is the World coming to an end? I mean the World of Clubland, not that conducted by "Atlas," which journal has been honourably distinguished by reticence in an affair which, I take it, concerns the members of the Reform Club, and not the public outside. But to "Atlas," at least, one need not say, with Athenian Timon—

What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm?

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are to entertain the President and members of the Royal Academy at the Mansion House on Tuesday, the sixth of June, and very brilliant, I have no doubt, will be the gathering at the hospitable board of Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bart. Yes; the escutcheon of the Chief Magistrate has been emblazoned, since my last writing, with a "main coupée, gules." Sir J. W. Ellis has won his baronetcy very handsomely indeed. The generous splendour of his mayoralty has recalled the good old days of Alderman Cubitt; of Alderman Sir Benjamin Phillips—the latter admirable alike as a citizen, a magistrate, an orator, and a host; and the more recent *fatti* of Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk (the news of his baronetcy came to him on the very night of his entertaining Patti, Nilsson, Taglioni, and a whole host of lyrical and literary talent); of Mr. Alderman Stone, Mr. Alderman Cotton, and Alderman Sir Francis Truscott. I have eaten the turtle of them all, and I have been honoured with a card for the banquet to the Academicians; so that, in the case of the Distressed Compiler, at least, it can scarcely be said that "Gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come." If you wish to be invited to a feast, wrote Mr. Thackeray, "ask to be asked." I recognise the wit, but fail to see the practical

wisdom of the precept. If you have a mind to sit at sumptuous tables, the best course which experience leads me to suggest, is to decline four out of every six invitations which you receive. Your intending host will think that you are engaged to dine with some very grand personage indeed—say a Rural Dean, or a Registrar in Bankruptcy; and not only will he ask you again, but his sister-in-law, and all his second cousins will follow suit. These may eventually lead up to a Lord.

Mem.: This modicum of counsel is for the benefit of young men whose digestive organs are yet unimpaired.

Can any of my readers tell me, in the interests of bibliography, the date of publication of that very weird poem called "Napoleon's Midnight Review," which was illustrated in an equally weird manner either by Raffet or by Bellangé? The original is in German, I apprehend; but I have only read it in French. I ask because, in "Blackwood's Magazine" for July, 1825, I find a very stirring and dramatic set of verses entitled "The Campeador's Spectre Host," having precisely the same motive as that wrought out in Napoleon's "Midnight Review." The two first stanzas of the poem in "Blackwood" are as follows:—

On the Towers of Leon deep midnight lay;
Heavy clouds have blotted the stars away;
By its 'twas rain, and by fits the gale,
Swept through heaven like a funeral wail.

Hear ye that dismal—that distant hum?
Now the dirge of trumpet, the roll of drum;
Now the clash of cymbal, and now again
The sweep of the night breeze, the rush of rain.

To the verses are appended a Greek Delta, the sign-manual of Mr. Moir, the author of the exquisitely pathetic "Casa Wappy;" and in a foot-note it is stated that "this slight ballad is founded on a striking passage in the Chronicle of the Cid. The idea is certainly a beautiful one, of the patriotic retaining a regard for their country after death and a zeal for its rescue from dangers and oppression."

Mem.: I can find nothing of "Delta's" either in the late Mr. Bellev's "Poet's Corner" or in a very dainty and appreciative compendium of English verse, called "Poet's Walk"; the poems chosen and arranged by Mr. Mowbray Morris, which has been recently published by Messrs. Remington. Mr. Mowbray Morris, as an old Etonian, dedicates his book to Eton College; and indeed his fragrant garland is professedly woven for the delectation of Eton boys who have hitherto been apt to regard poetry less as a recreation to be enjoyed than as a lesson to be abhorred. But, oh, Mr. Mowbray Morris, could you not, while arranging your posy, have given a leaf or two to an old Etonian by the name of George Canning, and to a still older one, hight Thomas Tusser, author of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," who thus wrote of the "distant spires and antique towers that crown the watery glade," as Eton was in the reign of Henry VIII.:

From Paul's I went to Eton, sent
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
When fifty-three stripes given to me,
At once I had:
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass that beat I was:
See Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.

Few of the old English rhymsters have been more unjustly neglected than Tusser has been. Bellev wholly ignores him; and quaint old Tusser has in modern times become a quarry for the philologists and the hunters after folk-lore and ancient proverbial locutions. Yet was there something of the true poetic ring in him who wrote the sonnet beginning—

Doth darnell good, among the flow'ry wheat?
Do thistles good, so thick in fallows sowed?
Do taint-worms good that lurk where ox should eat?
Or sucking drones in hives where bees abide?

No more doth good a peevish, slanderous tongue,
But hurts itself, and noys both old and young.

Will "W. H. A. H.," the gentleman who many months—it may be years ago: the time passes so quickly—was so kind as to send me "for inspection" a copy of Charles Dickens's "Hunted Down," reprinted from the *New York Ledger*, for which the story was originally written, oblige me with his address, in order that I may return him, with many thanks, the interesting booklet which, unsolicited, he lent me. There is a mischievous and Puck-like fate that has to do with books. Innumerable times have I sought in vain for "Hunted Down." For two hours last night did I search, equally in vain, for a copy of the "Whole Duty of Man" (who wrote it?), which I feel certain that I possess; and in the midst of my quest up started, as though it had been the Bottle Imp, "Hunted Down."

A young lady, "T. L.,"—*cet âge est sans pitié*—referring to a remark made in the "Echoes" last week that there was no rule without an exception, triumphantly writes me that the letter q is always followed by the letter u; and that to this rule there is absolutely no exception. Of course the young lady is right, and I grovel in the dust of humiliation. Therefrom I pick up some scant crumbs of consolation in the remembrance that the consonant q is a "confounded foreigner," imported into our alphabet to the detriment of the sturdy Saxon *ew*—thus "cwellan," to quell. In an old English dictionary I find, "Although q is never sounded alone, at least in English, and never ends an English word; in some French names of places it is a final letter, and is sounded alone. See 'Acqs,' 'Cueq,' &c." Where are "Acqs" and "Cueq"? I cannot find them in the *Gazetteers*.

Mr. Charles Dickens's "Dictionary of Paris" seems to me to merit quite as much as did his "Dictionary of London" its sub-title of an "unconventional handbook." The quantity of minute but useful information which has been compressed into this little brochure of less than three hundred pages is really astonishing. Theatres, cafés, *brasseries*, picture-galleries, newspapers, the playhouse *claque*, the Mont de Piété and the Morgue, and hundreds more things Parisian, all receive ample attention; but they are written about in a manner totally

differing from the ordinary (and intolerable) Guide-Book style. Touching the pawnbrokers, I may amicably hint to Mr. Dickens that the head office of the Monte de Piété is in the Rue des Blancs Manteaux, and that there is a nearer equivalent than "mettre sa montre au clou" for "taking your watch to your uncle." The closest equivalent to "au clou" is our "up the spout." But leaving a watch at one's uncle's is more fitly expressed by the graceful "chez ma tante."

Also, for the benefit of English tourists who might temporarily find themselves in a state of impecuniosity in Paris, should Mr. Dickens tell them, that the bureau of a "Commissaire du Mont de Piété" may always be known by a tri-coloured flag (usually a very ragged and dirty one) protruding from the house front and the particular storey thereof occupied by the functionary in question.

Upon the Morgue, likewise, is Mr. Dickens singularly interesting and exhaustive, although still, so to speak, within the compass of a nutshell. The opening remark on this grim subject awakens, nevertheless, a passing smile. "The Morgue," writes Mr. Charles Dickens, "as we now see it, dates from the year 1864. Before that time, it stood on the Quai du Marché Neuf, and was a most sinister-looking place." Dear C. D., would you be surprised to hear that in the year 1806 the Old, then a brand New, Morgue was spoken of as an architectural embellishment to the French metropolis. I find the "petit monument," as it is styled, elaborately engraved in Landon's "Annales du Musée." In design, it was a restoration of a meat-market built by Le Van, architect to Louis XIV. The older Morgue had been a hideous little subterranean charnel-house in the Cour du Châtelet. The greatest improvement in the Morgue built during the First Empire was the isolation of the public, by means of a high barrier of plate glass, from the bodies exposed to view. On this M. Landon grows quite sentimental. "This isolation," he writes, "converts the mournful scene into a chastened spectacle, *un tableau adouci*, which may be contemplated without terror by the weaker sex, and even by childhood itself." And this, C. D., was the Old Morgue, which you have stigmatised as "a most sinister-looking place."

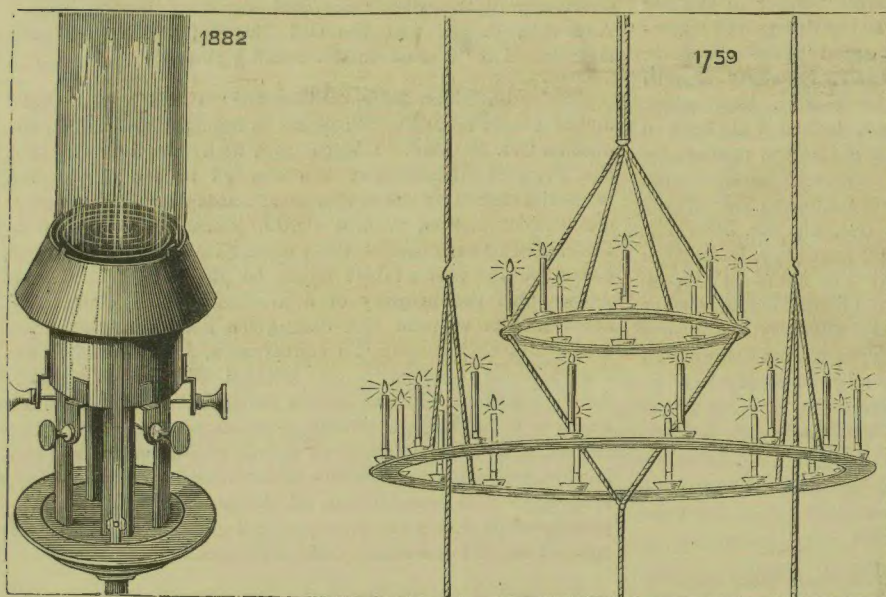
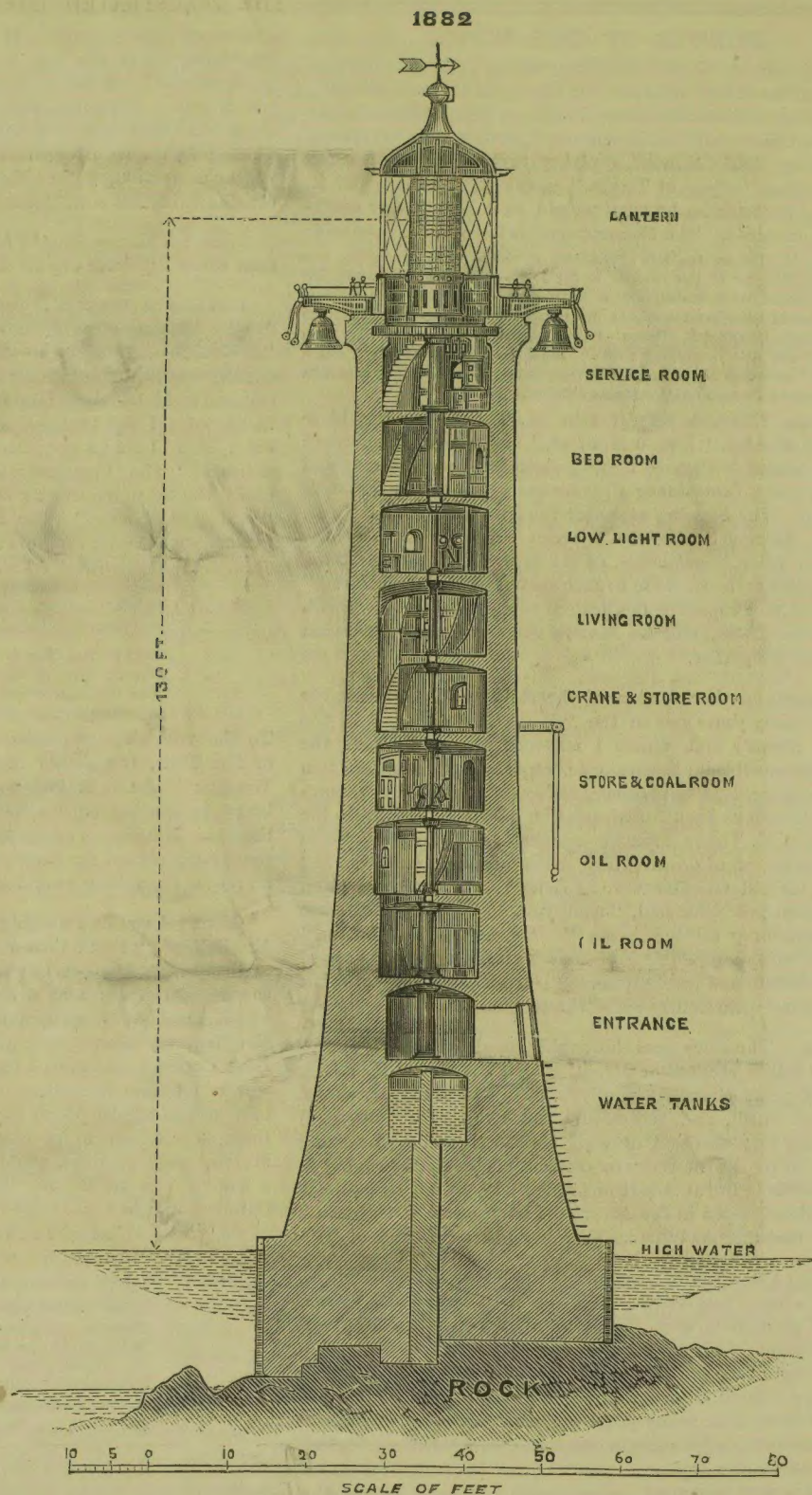
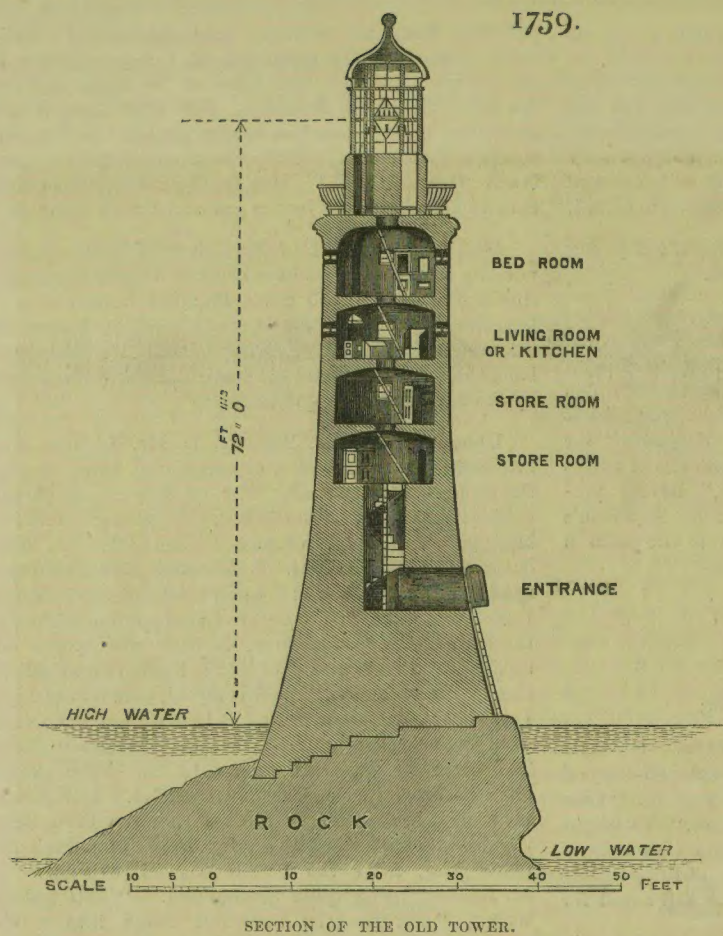
Michael William Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl" and of a score more English operas as beautiful and melodious, died on Oct. 20, 1870. I learn now, with deep interest, that the Dean of Westminster has acceded to the prayer of a memorial signed by the professors of music in the Universities, eminent conductors, musical critics, journalists, and most of the cathedral organists in the United Kingdom expressing an earnest desire that a tablet might be placed in Westminster Abbey "to the memory of a musician whose genius and achievements won for him during his lifetime a high reputation not only among his countrymen, but also upon the Continent of Europe." So Michael William Balfe is to have his tablet. He was only a musician. Had it been his business to mismanage the affairs of an empire, or to direct the indiscriminate slaughter of people who never did him any harm, he would have had his tablet—and his statue to boot, long ago. The present Dean of Westminster is to be congratulated on having so promptly and gracefully granted the request which Dean Stanley did not grant.

I am asked to mention that a Committee has been formed for the purpose of raising funds for an "enduring memorial" of the late Mr. Charles Darwin. The Committee state that "they are desirous of handing down to posterity the likeness of a man who has done so much for the advancement of natural knowledge; and they wish also to establish a Fund associated with his name, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the furtherance of Biological Science." An excellent design. I earnestly hope that it may prosper.

I scanned the Committee-list with some curiosity; and, following the Ambassadors, I find the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, the Deans of Westminster and Christchurch, and several Canons and dignified clergymen of the Church of England. This is more excellent still. I wonder what the Inquisitors who condemned Galileo would have thought of the author of "The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex." I wonder even what Bishop Blomfield or Bishop Philpotts would have thought of the illustrious man of science, in whose most important work it is inferred that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." I take the liberty (this being a free country) of not believing that I am descended from a monkey; but it is refreshing to infer that the Primate of all England and the Northern Primate appreciate the value of Mr. Darwin's teaching, and are anxious to establish a fund to be devoted to the furtherance of "natural knowledge" and "Biological Science" in the direction so luminously indicated by Charles Robert Darwin. This is a most excellent world, full of the most candid and single-hearted people imaginable.

I was speaking just now of Charles Dickens the Younger. A dear friend has just brought me from the United States a remarkable volume—it is a "stout" volume, too, of nearly six hundred pages—entitled "A Cyclopaedia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens." Surely in their study and *cultus*, if I may call it so, of the Elder Dickens the Americans distance us a very long way. It is true that the other day I received a post-card from Newark, in the State of New Jersey, the writer of which missive gravely questioned the authenticity of a quotation of mine in "The Echoes," from "Pickwick," in which a clerical gentleman of bibulous habits, confined under a suspicion of debt in the Fleet Prison, offers, conditionally, to "eat his hat and swallow the buckle." My New Jersey correspondent mentioned that he had read "Pickwick" through three or four times. In reply, I advised him to read it through a fifth time, and he would duly light, in chap. xlii., upon the passage to which I had referred. But the majority of educated Americans do really seem to know their Dickens by heart.

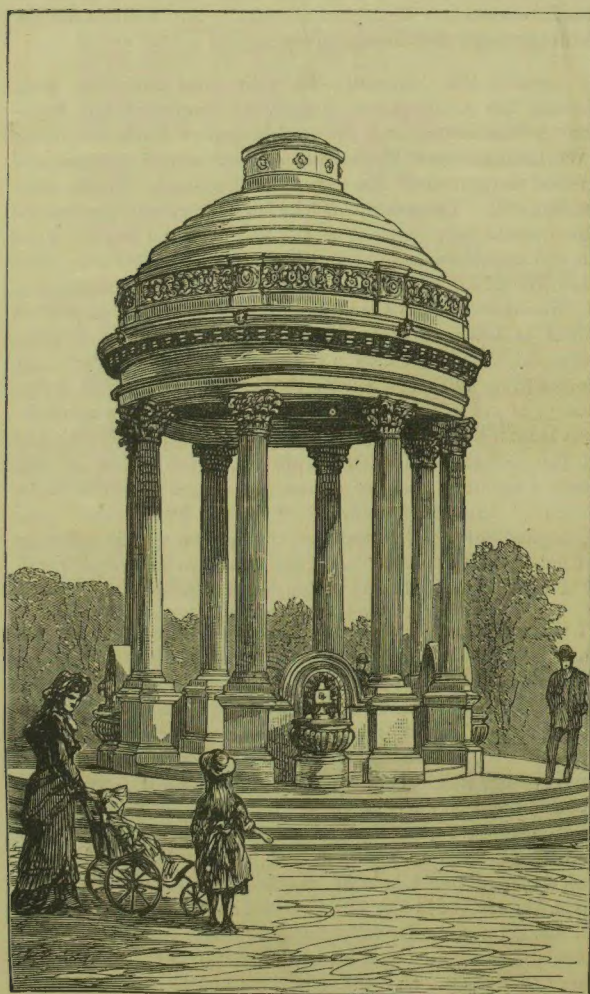
G. A. S



DOUGLASS'S SIX-WICK BURNER, 1882.

SMEATON'S CHANDELIER, 1759.

OPENING OF THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 510.



FOUNTAIN IN ROUNDHAY PARK, LEEDS,
PRESENTED BY MR. BARRAN, M.P.



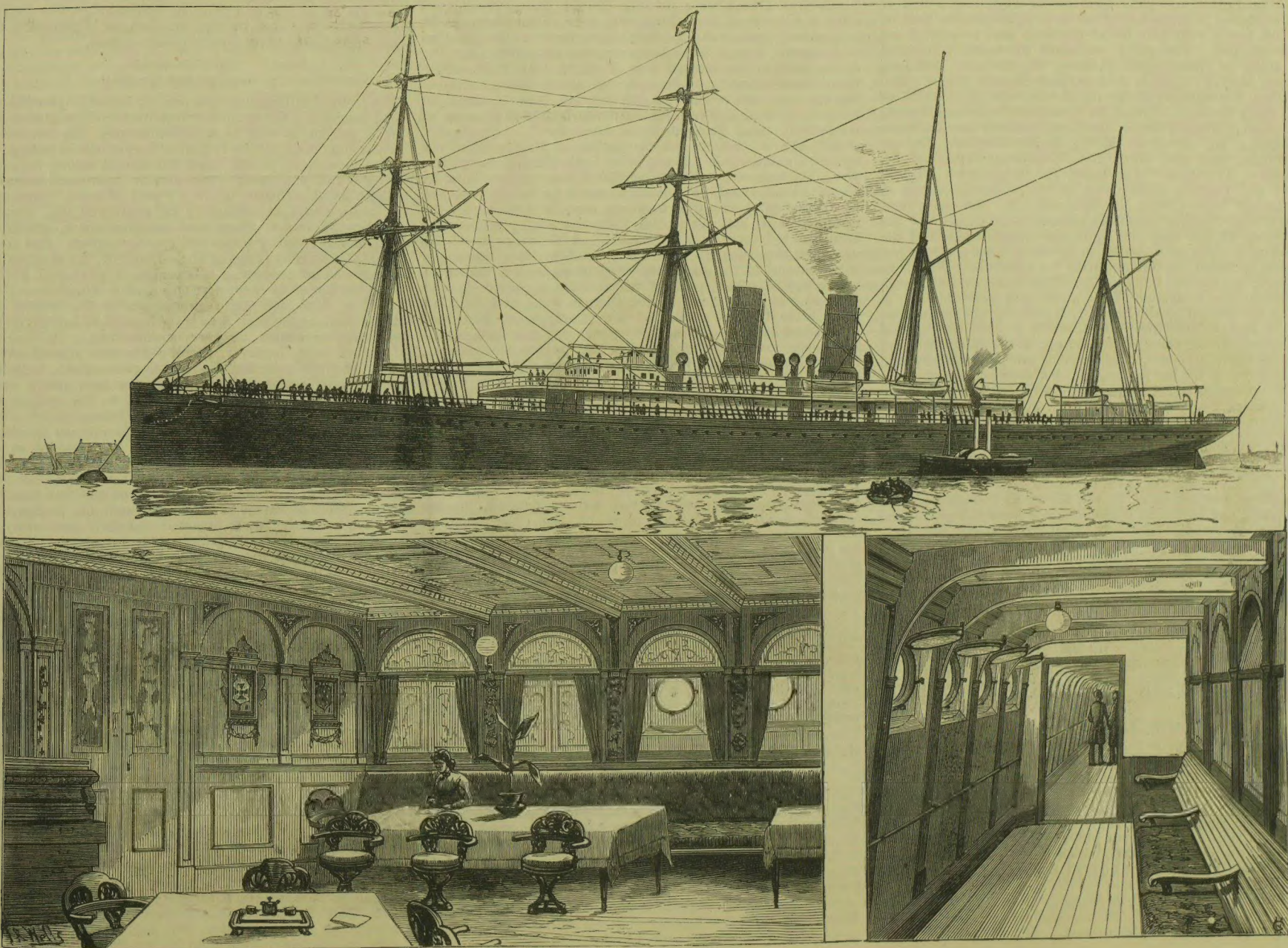
THE LATE DR. JOHN BROWN,
AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."—SEE PAGE 510.



FOUNTAIN AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.
A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ALDERMAN H. SHRUBSOLE.



THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION: HUT AT THE LENA MOUTH, WHERE LIEUTENANT DANENHAUER LIVED SIX WEEKS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



A corner of the Dining-Saloon.

Passage round the ship.

OPENING OF THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Trinity House Corporation, who have the charge of all lighthouses round the British coasts, visited Plymouth on Thursday week to open the new Eddystone Lighthouse.

The Eddystone rocks, which are of gneissic formation, consist of three reefs, the western, southern, and northern, with odd rocks dotted about irregularly. The old tower—Smeaton's, now in course of demolition—stands upon the northern extremity of the western reef. The new tower, just completed, stands at the northern extremity of the southern reef, the middle of the three. The whole group of rocks occupies nearly a square mile at low water, and stands a little to the north of a direct line between the Start Point in Devon and Lizard Point in Cornwall, being about forty miles from the former and thirty from the latter. The distance between the two towers, from centre to centre, is only 127 ft. The height of the focal plane of the light in the old house was 72 ft. above high water, and was visible thirteen miles, while that in the new house is 133 ft., and is visible seventeen and a half miles.

The new tower is from designs by Mr. James N. Douglass, chief engineer to the Trinity Board. The building has been entirely carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr. Thomas Edmond, the resident engineer, with Mr. W. T. Douglass as his assistant. It is entirely of granite from the De Lant quarries at Wadebridge, near Padstow, in Cornwall, with the exception of seven courses, in the lower part of the tower, from Aberdeen. A solid cylinder of granite, 44½ ft. in diameter, was first built up from the rock to the height of 2½ ft. above high water. From this, as a base, the tower springs, leaving a terrace, 4½ feet wide, all round.

Work on the rock commenced on July 23, 1878, and it was estimated by the Trinity engineer that the work would take five years to complete. This was the time allowed by the specifications which were issued to the competing contractors; although the Corporation eventually kept the work in their own hands. The foundation stones were laid, one by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity Corporation; and a second by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on Aug. 19, 1879; and the last stone of the masonry on June 2, 1881, or less than one year and ten months.

The Duke of Edinburgh, on Thursday of last week, started from London at four o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Plymouth at half-past nine. His Royal Highness went to the Millbay Docks, where he was received on board his old ship, H.M.S. Galatea, which at once moved into the Sound. She was followed there by the Trinity yacht Siren and the Harpy, which contained the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth. The Carron, with the Mayor and Corporation of Devonport, and the Vivid, the yacht of the Port Admiral, Sir Houston Stewart, were waiting off the pier, and with the Triton, Trusty, Perseverance, and other Government steamers, joined in the procession, followed by a number of private steamers and by a whole fleet of yachts. The Galatea led the way, closely followed by the Siren, the Vivid and the Harpy coming next in order. The ships in port were dressed with flags from sunrise, and as the Royal Standard was hoisted salutes were fired from the citadel and men-of-war. The weather was brilliant. As the Galatea passed through the Sound, two American corvettes, the Portsmouth and Saratoga, which were lying there, dressed colours, and fired a Royal salute. The run out occupied about an hour and a half. The coast of Devon and Cornwall, from the Prawle Point to the Dodman, was distinctly visible, and the sea was covered with craft of all sizes, from tiny fishing-boats to ocean mail-steamers on their way up Channel. The Eddystone was reached at a quarter-past eleven, and the vessels grouped themselves around the reef. The Hercules tender and workshop, which lay in her accustomed place, was gaily decked with flags, and a line of flags stretched from the top of the new lighthouse to that of the old tower, which is to be removed and re-erected on Plymouth Hoe. The party on board the Galatea included the Duke of Edinburgh (Master), Sir Richard Collinson (Deputy Master), Captain Adkins, and Captain Nisbet; Mr. Douglass, the engineer of the lighthouse, and Mr. Inglis, of the Trinity House; Admiral Sir Houston Stewart and General Pakenham; Admiral Currie, the Commander of the American Squadron; Mr. MacIver, M.P.; Major MacIver, Captain l'Estrange, and the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth. On board the Siren were Captain Burns and Captain Ladds, two of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, with Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Edwards, and other officials. Altogether 9000 persons were present at the Eddystone at the time the light was inaugurated; but the ceremony was not participated in by more than a select few of those on board the Galatea, with the addition of Mr. C. F. Burnard, the Mayor of Plymouth. The Duke of Edinburgh landed on the Eddystone Rock about half-past eleven. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Wilkinson, the lamps were lighted, and the machinery which sets in motion the fog-bell was started by the Duke of Edinburgh. Everything was found in the most perfect order. The ceremony over, cheers were raised by the party at the lighthouse, and taken up again and again by the occupants of the steamers which lay around. The Duke then embarked amidst another round of cheers, and the start homewards was speedily made, the Galatea and the Siren being this time the last to leave. The run back was made at full speed, after the Galatea had steamed round the American vessels in the Sound, which manned yards in honour of the visit. Millbay Pier was again reached a little after two. Here an address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth, and his Royal Highness drove from the pier to the Guildhall to attend a luncheon, given by the Mayor, Mr. Burnard. The magnificent hall was splendidly decorated. The company numbered over two hundred, and included the Duke of Edinburgh and elder brethren of the Trinity House, Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, and other heads of departments in Plymouth and Devonport, Commodore Luce and the officers of American vessels in the Sound, the magistrates and members of the Corporation of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse.

THE FOUNTAIN IN ROUNDHAY PARK, LEEDS.

Mr. John Barran, M.P. for Leeds, who was Mayor of that great town from 1869 to 1872, and has taken an active part in local affairs during more than a quarter of a century, is the donor of a handsome public fountain, recently erected in Roundhay Park. It was in his Mayoralty that the Roundhay estate, which we described at the time, consisting of 1364 acres, was purchased by the Leeds Corporation, and was converted into a magnificent public park for the recreation of the townspeople. It was opened by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, on Sept. 20, 1872, with great festivities, a regatta on the lake, a display of fireworks, and a banquet given by Mr. Barran to a large company of guests, comprising the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. Mr. Barran has now

presented the town with this Fountain, of which we give an illustration, and which will serve as a Memorial of the creation of Roundhay Park. The structure which contains the fountain, designed by Mr. Thomas Ambler, architect, of Leeds, and erected under his superintendence, is a circular Grecian temple, 13 ft. in diameter, elevated upon a platform of four steps; with eight Corinthian columns, having moulded bases and capitals finely carved, supporting an entablature and architrave, and cornice with sculptured decoration, surmounted by a dome of stone, with surrounding balustrade; there is a skylight at the top of the dome. Of the eight open spaces, between the columns, four are left as entrances, while the other four are occupied by red granite basins, each of which is supplied with water by an ornamental bronze fountain.

THE LATE DR. JOHN BROWN.

This agreeable and popular writer, who was an Edinburgh physician, died on the 11th inst. He was born in 1810 at Biggar, in Lanarkshire. He wrote numerous pleasant essays and sketches ("Horæ Subsecivæ"), which have been collected in three volumes. The first volume is entitled "Locke and Sydenham and other Papers;" the second "Rab and His Friends and other Papers;" the third, published a few weeks ago, "John Leech and other Papers." One of his best-known writings is a sketch of dog-life and character, "Rab and His Friends," which was first issued in 1858, was translated into many languages, and reached a tenth English edition. Dr. Brown was a contributor to the *North British Review*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and also of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1874 his University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and in 1876 a Civil List pension of £100 was awarded to him in recognition of his literary merits. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. John Fergus, of Largs.

THE SHRUBSOLE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, KINGSTON.

The town of Kingston-on-Thames was visited on the 1st inst. by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who came not only to open the Industrial and Fine-Art Exhibition, at the Drill Hall, and to be entertained with due honours by the Mayor of Kingston, but also to unveil the beautiful Memorial Fountain, shown in our illustration. The sudden and lamented death, in January, 1880, of the late Alderman Henry Shrubsole, then in the third year of his Mayoralty, and in the very act of presiding upon an occasion of public charity, was followed by a subscription to provide some monument of esteem for his character and the services he had rendered to the town, in which his family have long held a respected position. Mr. F. J. Williamson, sculptor, of Esher, was commissioned to execute a design submitted by him, which was preferred from among thirty-six competitive designs. It represents a woman in classic Roman garb, of heroic stature, the figure being 8 ft. 6 in. high, with a vase upon her left shoulder, standing beside a spring, where a child, kneeling at her right hand, dips the water as it trickles through ferns and herbage, towards the receptacle for public use. The group of figures is of Sicilian marble, but the pedestal is of polished grey granite, which is more suitable for holding water; a part of the cost of this was defrayed by Mr. T. H. Bryant, one of the Committee, and some assistance was rendered by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association. This work of art, erected in the Market-place, is much admired, and is certainly an ornament to the town.

THE JEANNETTE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Lieutenant Danenhauer, of the United States Navy, and other survivors of the officers and crew of the steam-yacht Jeannette (formerly the Pandora) have just left England on their return home. The Jeannette was dispatched by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York, in July, 1879, sailing from San Francisco, to explore the Arctic seas north of Siberia, and was crushed in the ice on June 11, 1881, in latitude 77 deg. north, longitude nearly 156 deg. east of Greenwich, at a great distance from land. Our Special Artist, Mr. A. Larsen, who accompanied Mr. Jackson, the Special Commissioner of the New York Herald, early this year, in a long and toilsome overland journey from Europe, across the vast breadth of Siberia, to search for the shipwrecked American explorers on the northern coast, and to convey the means of relief and rescue from their distressed position, met Lieutenant Danenhauer at Irkutsk, in February last. He was then furnished by that officer, and by Mr. Newcomb, the naturalist of the Jeannette expedition, with a variety of notes and sketches, part of which have appeared in this Journal. It will be recollected that, in June and July last year, after the destruction of the vessel, which had been abandoned by her crew the day before, they travelled southward over the packed ice, making for the coast of Siberia, having three boats on sledges, with other sledges carrying their store of provisions. In August, they reached open water, and embarked in their boats, one commanded by Captain De Long, another by Lieutenant Danenhauer, and the third by Lieutenant Chipp. The last-mentioned boat seems to have been lost at sea; but those of Captain De Long and Lieutenant Danenhauer, after a most perilous voyage and the endurance of extreme hardships, entered the mouths of the great river Lena, about the middle of December. The two parties were separated, having reached land at different parts of the coast; and it has recently been discovered that Captain De Long and his nine companions died last winter of cold and hunger, their bodies having been found by natives of the country. Lieutenant Danenhauer, Mr. Newcomb, Mr. Melville, the engineer, and some others, were fortunately able to get to the Russian station at Bulun, and received from Yakutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, enough assistance to keep them till the arrival of the Relief Expedition. Mr. Melville is still engaged at the mouths of the Lena in a further search for some evidence of the fate of Mr. Chipp's party, and for whatever might be recovered of the lost scientific records of the Jeannette's voyage. Our illustration published this week is a sketch of the interior of a summer hut in the Delta of the Lena, where Lieutenant Danenhauer's party sojourned during six weeks, in the autumn or winter of last year.

Admirers of orchids have now an opportunity of seeing some choice specimens of odontoglossums and other orchids at Mr. William Bull's establishment for new and rare plants, at 536, Kings-road, Chelsea.

The anniversary dinner of the 1st (Grenadier) Guards' Club took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday, Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, as Colonel of the regiment, presiding, supported on the right by the Prince of Wales and on the left by Colonel Clive, commanding the regiment. The banquet was served in the great hall.

THE STEAM-SHIP AUSTRAL.

The latest addition to the Orient Line of steamers, the Austral, is a distinct advance on the Orient, the first of her type, not only in respect of speed, but in the structure of the hull, the ventilation of the state rooms, the arrangements made for the importation of frozen meat from Australia, and the effectiveness of the vessel as an auxiliary to our naval force. She has been built by Messrs. John Elder and Co., of Govan, on the Clyde, under the superintendence of Mr. J. W. Shepherd, a member of the Institute of Naval Architects. Her length over all is 474 ft., her breadth 48 ft. 3 in., and her depth moulded is 37 ft. Her displacement on the load line is about 9500 tons. She is thus 10 ft. longer, 2 ft. broader, and 2 in. deeper than the Orient, but, as her lines are finer, her tonnage will not much exceed that of the Orient. She is built throughout of mild steel, and has three steel decks. She is divided below the inner skin and the double bottom into nineteen separate water-tight compartments, and in the hull proper within the interior skin she is divided by thirteen water-tight bulkheads, ten of which run up to the level of the main deck. If the whole of the lower compartments were filled with water, the effect would be an additional draught to the extent of 18 in., and if the sea got into two of them, the stability and surplus buoyancy of the vessel would prevent her from being endangered. Above the main deck the ship is divided into seven fireproof compartments, all in communication with the main deck; and, as the pumping power provided is equal to 2928 tons per hour, there is ample arrangement made for flooding any of the compartments in case of fire, or extracting the water in case of their becoming waterlogged. In the event of the engines being disabled, the vessel is provided with four masts, the fore and main being square-rigged, and the mizzen and jigger having fore and aft sails, which, combined, will give about 28,000 superficial feet of canvas; thus the vessel is well under command independently of steam power.

These provisions for the general safety of the vessel are supplemented by unusual care for the comfort of the passengers. The cabins are all placed within the area of the ship, with a gangway, 4 ft. wide, running right along the vessel, outside the state rooms, and at frequent intervals across the ship. This permits each state room to be constructed like an ordinary compartment, with windows instead of portholes; and the porthole in the side of the ship may be opened even in rough weather without any fear of water entering the cabin. If a sea should strike the vessel when the porthole is open, the water will fall on to the gangway. Upon the upper deck, the gangway running round the whole of the vessel is perfectly open to the air, while it is covered above; and the passengers may promenade there with the full advantage of an open sea before them. The passage round the ship leads fore and aft on each side of the saloon, so that persons can go to either end of the ship without passing through the saloon. Beside this, there are numerous cross passages, three feet wide, between the several quadrangles of state rooms, an arrangement that offers unusual facilities for moving about the ship. The saloon is a handsome apartment, panelled with walnut and embellished with carved shields representing the arms of various nationalities. Arrangements are made for the usual long tables, but they can be also divided into sets of a dozen or even four seats. The most striking characteristic of the saloon, however, is the row of dome-shaped painted-glass windows down each side. These can be lowered at will in all weathers, because, instead of opening on to the sea, as usual, they merely admit air from the long corridors. Effective ventilation is provided for the saloon by a centrifugal fan, worked by a small steam-engine. The fan forces a continuous current of pure air into the apartment, and the foul air finds its way out through an ornamental opening above each window. The public rooms, the engine-room, pantries, and passage ways are lighted by the electric light, fitted up by Messrs. Siemens with nine arc lamps and 170 Swan lamps. Five of the arc lights are placed in the engine-room and four on the deck. The current is provided by two of Siemens' alternating current machines, each driven by a separate engine.

"BARLEY BREE."

The teetotal millennium has not yet dawned upon the world; and meanwhile the stanchest abstainer would doubtless prefer, as a patriot as well as a philanthropist, the general use of wholesome malt liquors to that of fiery spirits or foreign wines. John Barleycorn is still Lord Paramount among us, as shown by the many gigantic breweries in town and country, in whose leviathan brews Willie's "peck of maut," immortalized in song, would incontinently be swallowed up. Some particulars of one of these vast establishments, which a correspondent recently inspected, are here given; and from this example one may judge of all:—Romford, in Essex, enjoys the reputation of producing a beverage as pure and healthy as can be found in any portion of the kingdom. Its one brewery bears the same proportion to the extent of the town itself as the vast breweries located at Burton do to that enterprising centre of beer manufacture. In the case of Romford beer, however, there is the exceptional advantage that the trade is for the most part direct between the manufacturer and the customer, the beer being conveyed from the great stores at Romford to the cellars of the consumer, without passing through intermediary channels. Its freshness and purity are consequently to be depended upon. The manufacturing of beer at Romford is carried to the highest state of perfection. All that a skilful combination of science, skill, and capital can accomplish is to be found here. In the latter portion of the last century the predecessors of Messrs. Ind, Coope, and Co. began to brew ale and beer. It may be assumed that their elementary efforts were in proportion with a limited local demand. No one who then lived could have predicted the time when the manufacture of a great brewer would have a brand like those of the finest wines of France, Spain, and Portugal. No one foresaw the time when pale ale would be quaffed in the Himalayas and absorbed with grateful relish in the rock-hewn temples of Arabia. No sane person could have been found to own that a message from Calcutta to Romford by telegraph would bring out by first steam-ship and deliver within a month in India bottled beer to replace the costly wines of Southern Europe. But so it is. British beer may now be found not only at every table at home but in the most distant portions of our Eastern Empire. Some idea of the extent of the Romford brewery may be gathered from the fact that the buildings, railways, and area required for standing casks when filled, for which there is no room in the storehouses, cover 15½ acres.

Protests were lodged with the Court of Aldermen on Monday against the election of Mr. de Keyser as Alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, on the grounds that he was an alien born and was the holder of an innkeeper's license.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, speaking on Monday night at the annual debate of the University College Debating Society (over which he presided), denounced military conscription as repugnant to the country, and unnecessary when they were able, by voluntary enlistment, to get 100,000 recruits yearly.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The admirers—and their name is legion—of Miss Geneviève Ward have gladly welcomed the return to England from a lengthened professional tour in the United States of this excellent *tragédienne* and most accomplished lady. I learn that Miss Ward's latest transatlantic career extended over eight months, and comprised performances in some seventy cities. This involved a trifle of twenty thousand miles' travelling, including the voyage out and home. Next time Miss Ward crosses the "big pond," I earnestly hope that she will cross the "Rockies" and triumphantly descend the Pacific Slope. She would make a decided hit in 'Frisco, and all the other cities of the Golden State; and if on her return she branched off at Ogden, and gave a few performances of "Forget Me Not" at Great Salt Lake City, I fancy that her passionate and eloquent exposition of the anguish undergone by imperfectly understood women, would excite a large manifestation of sympathy from the down-trodden matrons of the Mormon community:—always supposing that Saint Abe would suffer his seven wives, more or less, to go to the play; or that the Mormon married ladies are down-trodden. Mrs. Stenhouse declares that they are so oppressed; but I have seen a good many remarkably strong-minded-looking females emerging on a fine afternoon from "Zion's Co-operative Dry Goods Store;" and I was shown a Mormon bishop, the billiard-ball-like baldness of whose cranium was ascribed by his intimate friends to his having had all his hair pulled out by the too prehensile hands of his numerous spouses. On April 25 last, Miss Ward, responding to an invitation from the Mayor, the Judiciary, and many influential citizens of New York City, gave her six-hundredth impersonation of "Forget Me Not" at the Union-square Theatre. She was supported, "on this occasion only," by a company of amateurs. The audience was brilliant, and the performance excellent. After some needful rest, Miss Geneviève Ward starts on a summer tour in the provinces; and at the end of August she will begin an autumnal tour, beginning at Birmingham, taking in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, &c., and ending at Brighton at the beginning of December.

At the Vaudeville Theatre "The School for Scandal," having run its successful course, has been replaced by a revival of "London Assurance," and this instant Saturday, the 27th, there will be an afternoon performance at Mr. Thomas Thorne's pretty house of Lord Lytton's comedy of "Money." New pieces of *longue haleine* seem to be woefully scarce; but of *levers de rideau* there is no lack.

At the Globe, where Messrs. Hardy and Comyns Carr's "Far from the Madding Crowd" appears to increase in attractiveness every night, has been produced a new comedietta, by Mr. C. Marsham Rae, called "First in the Field." The piece has been, like so many of the flags in the hall at Chelsea Hospital, "taken from the French"; and the spoliation of the lively Gaul is candidly acknowledged by the author. Plot—two old gentlemen who think that one or the other of them is bound to marry their young and lovely ward. In the beginning there is mutual disinclination to be the happy man. Subsequent mutual jealousy—each wishing to be the Benedict—sets in. Ultimate triumph of the young and lovely ward, who only pretends to prefer one of her elderly guardians to the other in order that she may more conveniently secure a young husband of her own choice. Moral—"Crabbed Youth and Age cannot live together."

At the Criterion, Mr. G. C. Vernon has sought the public suffrages in a light, two-act comic drama called "Cupid in Camp," which ushers in Mr. Byron's merrily audacious "Fourteen Days." In "Cupid's Camp" the heroine escapes in male and military attire from a convent; while the hero, who has been mixed up in some political intrigues (the period is that of William III.), is fain to assume a feminine garb in order to avoid arrest. Result—an amusing series of equivokes. Miss R. Saker is the conventual *pensionnaire* disguised as a dragon, and Mr. L. Sothern the soldier in petticoats.

The beauteous and clever Mrs. Langtry, pursuing her provincial tour with more and more brilliant success, has enjoyed at Edinburgh a veritable triumph. I read in the *Scotsman* that when the lady closed her engagement, on Saturday night, the Theatre Royal was again packed from floor to ceiling, the audience numbering little short of 2000 persons. When the curtain fell for the last time the enthusiasm of the audience reached a climax, and, in response to the plaudits showered on her, Mrs. Langtry made the following speech:—

I should like so much to tell you before I leave Edinburgh how grateful I am for the kind way in which you have received me—really so much more than I deserved or expected; because, of course, I am quite a novice, and all the grand talent comes here from all parts of the world. I have only been on the stage a very short time—since Jan. 19, so that this makes my nineteenth week. Now, it is impossible to learn to act in that short time, any more than to paint a picture. I am as much surprised to find myself standing here before you as you must be to see me. I have a great deal to learn; but I shall work very, very hard, in the hope that next time I come here I may really merit your approval. I shall remember my first visit to Edinburgh with the greatest pleasure; and, indeed, I ought to feel quite at home here, for I am half Scotch. My mother is a Scotchwoman, and was born in this town. I am very proud of it. I can only repeat my thanks, and hope that it may not be long before I come back to this beautiful Edinburgh and "bonnie Scotland."

During the delivery of this impromptu speech, Mrs. Langtry, who had been presented with three bouquets, was again and again applauded. On leaving the theatre for the Royal Hotel, she was followed by a large crowd, who cheered lustily. Earlier in the day about 1500 persons had assembled in front of the hotel to see her go out for a drive; and on Sunday afternoon several hundred persons congregated for a similar purpose.

Really our male orators must look to their laurels. Mrs. Stirling has long been renowned as a "capital after-dinner" speaker; Mrs. Keeley "orates" admirably, especially at wedding breakfasts; Mrs. Kendal "spoke a piece" admirably at the Dramatic School Meeting at the Lyceum; and now to the school of Demosthenic ladies must be added Mrs. Langtry. G. A. S.

The State apartments at Windsor Castle are open to the public.

Mr. Alfred Richard Pennefather, of the Home Office, has been appointed auditor of the Royal Patriotic Fund.

The Charity Organisation Society warns persons against subscribing to volunteer fire brigades within the area of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

The Leicester Race Committee have bought a fine piece of grass land, 125 acres in extent, at Audley, near Leicester, for a new racecourse. The old course will be made into a park.

The Longton section of the West Lancashire Railway was inspected and passed by Colonel Rich, of the Board of Trade, and opened for traffic on the 18th inst.

Cuthbert Bede will give a lecture on "Modern Humourists," with illustrative readings, at the Birkbeck Institute, Southampton-buildings, on Wednesday next.

It is announced that the Botanic fête will take place on June 22 instead of the 21st, so as not to conflict with the date of the Queen's state ball.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The return of Madame Adelina Patti is always a special event in our opera season, and its recurrence on Thursday week again drew a crowded and fashionable audience. The prima donna was enthusiastically received throughout her fine performance as Catarina, in "L'Etoile du Nord," in which her vocal and dramatic excellence was again displayed, alike in the sentiment of the first act, the deeper emotions of the camp scene, where Catarina, disguised as a recruit, is condemned, unknown by Peter, to be shot for insubordination—and, in the bewilderment of the last act, the recovery of reason and restoration to her Imperial lover. The co-operation of Madame Valleria as Prascovia, and of M. Gaillard as Pietro, were important features in the cast, which included efficient representations of other characters; among them of Gritzenko by M. Dauphin, Danilowitz by Signor Lestellier, the Vivandières by Mdles. Velmi and Ghiotti, &c.

The promised representation of "La Sonnambula" on Friday week, with the Amina of Madame Sembrich and the debut of M. Massart as Elvino, was replaced by a repetition of Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell," in consequence of Madame Sembrich's sudden indisposition. The specialties announced for this week were Madame Patti's second and third appearances this week as Leonora in "Il Trovatore" and the heroine in Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta," and the production this (Saturday) evening of Bizet's "Carmen," with Madame Pauline Lucca in the title-character. It was on Tuesday evening that Madame Patti repeated that fine performance, as Leonora, which has heretofore proved attractive, and was equally so in this instance, when the house was crowded in every part. In vocal excellence and dramatic power nothing could be finer than the rendering of the character now referred to, which, however, is too familiar to need detailed comment. Mdle. Stahl, as Azucena, displayed signs of improvement, especially as an actress, and she will probably become a serviceable member of the company. As on many previous occasions, Signor Nicolini was the Manrico, and the cast included M. Devries, who acted well as the Count di Luna, and gained an encore for his aria "Il balen."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The series of German opera performances opened well on Thursday week, when Wagner's "Lohengrin" was given for the first time in England in its original language and by singers of that nationality—the work having been repeatedly performed at both our regular opera-houses in an Italian version, and more recently by Mr. Carl Rosa in English. In the Drury-Lane rendering the chief feature was the Elsa of Frau Sucher, who sang and acted with genuine dramatic power. In the recital of Elsa's dream, the recognition of the champion knight, in the great scene with Ortrud in the second act, and the still more important duet with Lohengrin in the bridal chamber, the lady's performance was of high excellence. Frau Garso-Dely as Ortrud declaimed effectively, with some occasional exaggeration. Herr Winkelmann was generally satisfactory as Lohengrin, as was Herr Dr. Kraus as Telramund; the cast having been efficiently completed by Herr Koegel as the King, and Herr Noldechen as the Herald.

Last Saturday evening "Der Fliegende Holländer" was given. This work has been spoken of in detail when brought out at Her Majesty's Opera (Drury-Lane Theatre) in 1870, in an Italian version as "L'Olandese Dannato," and subsequently as "Il Vascello Fantasma" at the Royal Italian Opera, and in English as "The Flying Dutchman" by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The opera contains some of Wagner's most dramatic music, belonging to a period (1843) before his utter rejection of all classical models and precedents, as in his "Nibelungen" opera-dramas. Saturday's performance was generally excellent. Frau Sucher as Senta was fully as successful as she had been on the opening night as Elsa in "Lohengrin." The lady gave Senta's Ballad, her share in the love-duet with Erik; and, especially that of the great duet with the doomed Dutchman, with admirable dramatic feeling; her music in the closing scene of Senta's heroic self-sacrifice having also been finely rendered. Herr Gura's performance as the Dutch Captain was also admirable; both in its vocal and dramatic aspect. In the great duet with Senta, already referred to, he, together with Frau Sucher, produced a very marked impression. The subordinate characters were very efficiently filled by Herr Wolf as Erik, Herr Ehrke as Daland (the Norwegian Captain), Herr Landau as the Steersman, and Fraulein Schefsky as Mary. On Tuesday "Tannhäuser" was very finely rendered, especially as regards the character of Elisabeth, in which Frau Sucher acted and sang admirably, particularly in the scene of the tournament of song, and in the last scene, in which her delivery of the prayer was full of pathos, the expression of grief preceding the death of Elisabeth having been given with true tragic power. Herr Winkelmann as Tannhäuser declaimed finely, and acted throughout with great effect, his closing scene of Tannhäuser's narration and his death having produced a marked impression. The music of Venus was well sung by Fraulein Wiedermann, as was that of the Shepherd by Fraulein Hartmann. A special feature was the excellent performance of Herr Gura as Wolfram, other characters having been efficiently filled by Herren Koegel, Landau, Wolf, Ehrke, and Noldechen. The chorus singing was very good throughout, and the overture and other orchestral details were admirably rendered. Herr Richter conducted with his well-known skill on each of the occasions referred to. Of the production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" we must speak next week.

The fourth and last repetition of Wagner's Nibelungen Opera-Dramas at Her Majesty's Theatre began on Thursday night, the three following performances having been announced for Friday, Saturday, and Monday.

The third of the "symphony concerts," conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday week, when Beethoven's pastoral symphony and other orchestral pieces were effectively rendered, among them having been a very characteristic "Rhapsodie Slave," by Anton Dvorák, a piece strongly tinged with a Bohemian tone, the nationality of the composer. Herr Vogl contributed vocal pieces with much success.

Miss Philp's evening concert, which took place yesterday (Friday) week at St. James's Hall, drew a very full attendance. The programme contained several new songs from her facile and successful pen. "Voices of Nature" (sung by Mrs. Hutchinson), "My Lady" (rendered by Mr. A. Oswald), "Whispered Words" (Mrs. P. Clark), "Music" (sung by the composer), "The Lover's Ride" (Mr. P. Blandford), and "Little Wanderers" (Madame Fasset), were all well received. Part-songs, by Miss Philp and others, were well sung by the members of the London Vocal Union; and miscellaneous songs and duets, &c., were rendered by the concert giver, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. T. Marzials, Mr. Maybrick, and vocalists already named; the vocal music having been agreeably contrasted by clever pianoforte performances contributed by Misses B. Waugh, A. Brown, and M. Johnston, and violin solos effectively played by M.

Ondricek. The conductors named in the programme were Sir J. Benedict and Messrs. Bendall, Morton, and Diehl.

Mr. Ganz gave the third of his orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when Liszt's "Dante" symphony was repeated, "owing," as announced, "to its great success." Our adverse opinion of the work was expressed in noticing its production by Mr. Ganz at his first concert, and we need not repeat it. The specialty of last Saturday's concert was the remarkably fine pianoforte playing of Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann in Chopin's concerto in F minor, and some unaccompanied solo pieces. Vocal solos were rendered, with much refinement, by Miss C. Elliott.

An excellent ballad concert, in which Madame Patey took part, was given at the Alexandra Palace last Saturday morning; and in the evening "Il Trovatore" was performed.

Four Richter concerts of the new series have now been given at St. James's Hall. The programme of the fourth included the overture to "Tannhäuser," and the "Venusberg" music written by Wagner after the original production of the opera, the same composer's "Siegfried Idyll," and Beethoven's symphony in B flat—all admirably performed. A specialty at the concert was Mr. O. Beringer's very fine rendering of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat. Frau Sucher sang some lieder with much effect.

Madame Puzzi's annual concert, at St. George's Hall, on Monday afternoon, was of the usual attractive nature, and drew a good attendance. Several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists contributed to a varied programme.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society (conducted by Dr. Bridge) gave the final concert of the season on Tuesday evening, when the programme comprised Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and a miscellaneous selection.

Herr S. Lehmeier gave on Wednesday evening the first of two pianoforte recitals in St. James's Hall; the second being announced for June 23, at the same place.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's sacred cantata, "St. Ursula," and his "Scandinavian" symphony, were performed, under the composer's direction, at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. The cantata was produced with much success at last year's Norwich Festival, the symphony having previously been given, with the same result, in London, and recently at Vienna.

The last morning ballad concert of the season at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon offers unusual attractions.

The first Floral Hall concert of the season takes place this (Saturday) afternoon, with a varied programme, contributed to by several of the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera.

The 148th anniversary festival of that excellent institution the Royal Society of Musicians is to take place on June 21 at St. James's Hall. Dr. Arthur Sullivan will be the president.

Mr. Harvey Löhr will give a chamber concert on Thursday evening, June 29, at the Royal Academy Concert-room.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 23.

The elements were cruel, as usual, last Sunday, the French Derby day. The morning was brilliantly fine; the ladies donned their finest clothes, and, enveloped in immense *cache-poussière*, they braved sun and dust, and so to Chantilly. In the weighing-paddock, the pink of fashion, the world, the half-world, nobles and plebeians; in the tribunes, a kaleidoscope of bright-coloured toilets; on the course, a countless crowd. It was to be remarked that the ladies' dresses were very short and showed the shoes and a segment of silk stocking. The favourite colour seemed to be grey, of which there were many shades—iron grey, steel grey, "Freycinet" or mouse grey, so called from the nickname of mouse given to the amiable Premier. Hungarian green, too, seems to be coming into fashion again. The new stuffs with bright-coloured flowers painted, à l'aquarelle, on neutral grounds, were also noticeable. But really the posterior *poufs*, or, as Gavroche calls them, the *tape dessus*, are becoming enormous; how the women manage to sit down is a mystery. As for the hats, they are of all forms, amidst which the Directory dominates. But imagine, just when the bell rang for the Prix du Jockey Club—called "le Derby," nobody knows why—bang! A thunderstorm! A torrent of rain! The women screamed and made a rush for the tribunes; skirts were drawn unceremoniously over precious hats, masterpieces of millinery; umbrellas opened with a precipitating sound. The race-course looked like the shell of some colossal and grotesquely formed tortoise. The race was run in the rain, and the favourite, Comte Alfred, came in sixth, to everybody's disgust. The result was a dead-heat between the Comte de Lagrange's Dandin and M. Michel Ephrussi's Saint-James; Jasmin third by a head. Seventeen horses ran. The stakes were divided. And now, sportsmen, prepare for another surprise on the day of the Grand Prix.

Readers of Murger's "Vie de Bohème" will doubtless remember the character of Colline. The original model of this personage died last week at the age of sixty-one. It was M. Jean Wallon, author of a large number of works on philosophy and religious criticism. The necrology of the week contains another name well known to Egyptologists, that of François Joseph Chabas, who died at Versailles last Friday, at the age of sixty-five. After Champollion, M. Chabas was the man who did most for the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics. His monographs on the subject are numerous. Since 1874, he has published a monthly bulletin called *L'Égyptologie*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mr. Jung, author of an excellent work on "Bonaparte et son Temps," rich in new documents, has just published the first two volumes of a work called "Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires" (1775—1840). The memoirs and notes of Lucien Bonaparte, numbering more than 3000 pages of manuscript, exist in the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is there that Colonel Jung has found the material of his interesting work, which is to be completed in three octavo volumes. Lucien Bonaparte was the *enfant terrible* of the family—the grumbler, the scoffer, and the wit. His memoirs are always interesting, and full of the most valuable and curious documents concerning the men and events of the time.

The medal of honour of the Salon this year has been awarded to M. Puvion de Chavannes for his fine decorative work, "Ludus pro patriâ." An English artist, Mr. Stott, has received a third-class medal for two pictures, which have attracted much attention, "Le Passeur" and "Les Baigneurs."

A new play by M. Octave Feuillet, "Les Portraits de la Marquise," was successfully produced at the Théâtre Français on Saturday evening.

In the political order of things there appears to be a mild crisis. At yesterday's sitting of the Chamber, apropos of a recommendation of the committee to take into consideration certain bills for the reform or abolition of duty on liquors, M. Léon Say spoke with considerable humour against the recommendation of the committee. It might almost be said that the Minister of Finance lost his temper. The Chamber adopted by 271 against 151 the conclusion of the committee, and thereupon M. Léon Say declared that he would resign his portfolio; but to-day a vote of confidence in him has been carried by 302 to 36, and he will therefore remain in office. T. C.



1. Commissary of Police (Summer and Winter dress).

2. Arabi Pasha and his Escort of Colonels going to the Promenade.

3. House of Arabi Pas'a in Cairo.

4. Musicians of the Guard, Mounted Guard, and Infantry.

5. Mounted Gendarme.



THE SILENT MEMBER.

Green lanes and moorland, river and seaside, being most inviting in this brilliant month of May, their Lordships were wise in their generation to leave the Commons to their endless babble, and to separate on Monday for fresh woods and pastures new, not to mention the irresistible downs of Epsom. Ere they adjourned, however, Earl Granville indulged the House with the novelty of a few mild bursts of liveliness. Lord Colville of Culross having secured the rejection of the Railway Continuous Brakes Bill (which threatened to enforce the general adoption of the automatic brake), Lord Stratheden and Campbell gave the Foreign Secretary his first opportunity by moving for further papers respecting Egypt. Whereupon, Earl Granville dropped into anecdote, and applied the familiar story of Thiers and his schoolmaster to the noble Lord. Though the point of the application was not quite clear, a laugh was obtained; and Lord Granville was encouraged to enter an amiable protest against his Lordship's fondness for holding a "Sword of Damocles" over his head from recess to recess. The Earl of Derby having occupied a little time as a social reformer—the noble Earl obtained the second reading of the Boiler Explosion Bill—and quite a cluster of other more or less useful measures having been pushed forward a stage, the Marquis of Waterford rose to say he would hold over his question concerning the "Treaty of Kilmainham." If the negotiations had concluded, would the Government lay the papers on the table? That was the purport of the query. And there was an approach to warmth in the remonstrance of Earl of Granville, who objected to the terms of the question, and in the neat rejoinder of the Marquis of Salisbury, whom the noble Earl sought by implication to saddle with the authorship of the inquiry in its original form. Yet in time for dinner did the brisk little skirmish end, and their Lordships adjourn till the first of June.

The Commons cannot get away from the interminable Irish question. Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, cheered when he took his seat last Thursday week on his return from Dublin and re-election for the Border Burghs, was cheered again and again in the course of the earnest and able speech he made at the same sitting on the Government measure for Repression of Crime in Ireland. The eloquent young Secretary for Ireland spoke with force, lucidity, and judgment. His argument was that, whilst legitimate agitation, conducted in a Constitutional manner, ought not to be interfered with, it was absolutely necessary for the protection of the vast numbers of Irishmen who were sick of terrorism and longed to go about their daily work in peace and safety, to give the Executive the full powers asked for to punish criminals and restrain crime. This has been the ground taken up all along by Ministers; and generally approved by the Ministerialists and Conservatives, in the face of the steadfast opposition of the Irish Home Rulers led by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon (the latter being the more resolute in his antagonism), aided by some of the Radical members. Fluently attacked by Mr. Sexton, and eloquently defended by Mr. Gladstone, the bill was read the second time on the 19th inst. by 383 against 45 votes—a majority of 338—the Prime Minister assuring Irish members it was the desire of the Government to pass the Arrears Bill as speedily as the Repression Bill. But when will the gravest arrears of all—the arrears in English legislation—be dealt with by the Ministry?

There actually was one subject concerning the Metropolis sandwiched between the Irish debate and Supply yesterday week. This was the vexed question of the Sunday opening of museums. A curious point about this matter is that (as was tersely indicated in Mr. George Howard's resolution) the boon prayed for has long been granted in the suburbs of London, where, being situated in the midst of the charming gardens of Kew and Hampton Court, a museum and a picture gallery may be reasonably deemed less inviting than they must be on Sundays in the centre of this wilderness of bricks and mortar, London. Yet the idea of yielding further to the Sunday opening movement was evidently so repugnant to the House generally that it needed but Mr. Mundella's Ministerial note against the resolution to cause it to be negatived by 208 to 83 votes. Meantime, it is to be noticed that what Parliament declines to sanction is being widely done by the liberal owners of public and private picture-galleries in London, many of which are thrown open on Sundays to the members of the Sunday Society.

The Lower House commenced the week with an all-night sitting, during which the many arguments for and against the Arrears Bill were presented with much force, varied towards the close by much noisy acrimony, on which it will be best not to dwell. The extensive nature of the relief the Government proposes to offer may be gathered from the figures Mr. Gladstone used on Monday in moving the second reading of the measure. Repeating that the estimated cost would be a million and a half from the Irish Church surplus and half a million from the Consolidated Fund, the Premier went on to compute that of the 580,000 tenants in Ireland whose rent was within the £30 limits, perhaps 200,000 were in arrears. At the heels of Mr. Gladstone's emphatic declaration that the money should be a gift not a loan, followed Mr. Slater-Booth with the amendment, seconded by Captain Aylmer—

That it is inexpedient to charge the Consolidated Fund with any payment except by way of loan with respect to arrears of rent in Ireland.

It was to be observed that whilst Mr. Forster had the satisfaction to find himself once more in perfect accord with his late colleagues on this question of arrears, Mr. Shaw was inclined to look the gift-horse in the mouth, and would have preferred him to be a partial loan. Without dilating on the clear and masterly, and thoroughly sympathetic, manner in which Mr. Trevelyan defended the measure as being welcome to distressed tenant and landlord alike; without dwelling on Lord George Hamilton's lively and pointed philippic against the bill as an economic mistake; I pass by the unbecoming wrangles of the small hours, and come to the adjourned debate on Tuesday afternoon. A grave, thoughtful, and statesman-like contribution to the settlement of this difficult question was the concise speech of Mr. W. H. Smith, who is known to have another panacea in his pocket. In the same serious key, which the subject eminently demands, Mr. Childers answered on the part of the Government; and, after a very different kind of speech from Mr. Lowther, still the *enfant terrible* of the front Opposition bench, Mr. Slater-Booth's amendment was negatived by 296 to 181 votes, a majority of 115; and the Government saw their Arrears Bill read the second time by a majority of 112—269 against 157.

The House, it should be remarked, had at the commencement of Tuesday's sitting been compelled by the Home Rulers to divide three times upon Mr. Gladstone's urgency resolution, which was approved, however, by large majorities on each occasion. Mr. Parnell, having taken part in the two protests against precedence being given to the Repression of Crime Bill, disassociated himself from his allies in the last division, which resulted in the adoption, by 254 to 15 votes, of Mr. Gladstone's Resolution:—

That the several stages of the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Bill and the

adjourned debate on the Arrears of Rent (Ireland) Bill have precedence of all orders of the day and notices of motions, from day to day, until the House shall otherwise order.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, on the motion to go into Committee the same evening on the Prevention of Crime Bill, set himself the task of delivering one of his flowery orations in moving the following amendment:—

That, whilst this House is desirous of aiding the Government in any measure which they can show to be necessary to prevent, or detect, or punish crime, it disapproves of restrictions being imposed on the free expression of public opinion in Ireland.

Full of the peculiar rugged eloquence of which the hon. member for Newcastle-on-Tyne is a master, the speech was a wholesale condemnation of English rule in Ireland, and prescribed Home Rule as the best remedy. But why at this juncture (Mr. Plunket seasonably put it) recall with gusto the errors of the past in the misgovernment of Ireland? A majority of the House later on gave practical proof of their agreement with the Government proposals by granting a vote for extra remuneration of the Irish Judges by 92 against 21 votes. And still Ireland was not happy! On the contrary, till close on three o'clock in the morning was the House kept up, putting on the considering cap with regard to the Irish Poor Law Guardians Bill in Committee when the nightcap would have been more seasonable worn.

The Derby Day even was sacrificed to Ireland; and was remarkable for the Premier's dignified rebuke of Mr. Dillon's palliation of outrage and intimidation in Ireland.

THE MAY MOON.

Two or three poets like Moore and Byron, and probably two or three millions of inferior verse-writers, in almost every language and age of the world, have had their say about "the young May moon," and the effect of moonshine upon love. It produces, we are told, in "one short hour" a greater development of that emotional phenomenon than the broad sunlight of the longest day, which is the 21st of June; and the most recent experimental researches of physical science tend to confirm this calculation. The pensive young woman intently perusing a letter, or perhaps a photograph, by the aid of the full-orbed nocturnal luminary, as she loiters in the shrubbery while others have a game of whist, may be supposed to feel this lunar influence, of course in a proper way, "in maiden meditation fancy-free." When the fit is over, she will go in to supper, and retire afterwards to rest, neither better nor worse than the other members of the family, let the poet say what he will; nay, more, as Shakespeare puts them together, "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," in spite of all three, with the May Moon to boot, she will prove a sensible person, after all.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

The conflict of authority, at Cairo, between the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, acting under the advice of the British and French Governments, whose naval squadrons are at Alexandria, and the Ministerial dictator, Arabi Pasha, at the head of the Egyptian army, seems now to be at the most critical point. Arabi Pasha threatens forcible resistance to the demands of the foreign Governments, though sanctioned by the Khedive's and the Sultan's orders; he has obliged all the native military officers at Cairo to swear that they will defend his Government against any intervention, but the Bedouin Sheikhs have refused to take such a pledge. He has also made preparations for defence by sending artillery to the ports of Alexandria and Damietta, laying down torpedoes along the coast, and fortifying the citadel of Cairo. On the other hand, the Khedive, whose resolutions are instigated as well as supported by the French and British Consuls-General, M. Sinkiewicz and Sir Edward Malet, has successfully insisted upon the withdrawal of some acts of the Ministry and Chamber of Notables, and upon the resignation of the late President of the Council, by whom his Highness had been personally insulted. It is believed that a demand has since been made by England and France, or by the Sultan of Turkey at their request, for the deposition of Arabi Pasha from his Ministerial office, and from his command of the army; and further, that he should be sent into exile. Forty-three Circassian officers, including Osman Pasha Refky, late Minister of Marine, have been degraded and banished for a conspiracy to dethrone the Khedive, and to bring back his father, Ismail Pasha. Many English and other European residents at Cairo have already left that city, fearing that their lives might be endangered by an insurrection. The British squadron now at Alexandria, which arrived there from Suda Bay, Crete, last Saturday morning, comprises her Majesty's ironclad *Invincible*, flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir F. Beauchamp Seymour; the gun-boats *Falcon*, *Bittern*, and *Coquette*. The French men-of-war in port are the ironclad *Galissonière*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Conrad, the *Fourbin*, and *Aspic*. The vessels still in Suda Bay are her Majesty's ironclads *Alexandra*, *Indefatigable*, *Téméraire*, *Monarch*, and *Superb*, and the despatch-vessel *Iris*. Her Majesty's despatch-vessel *Helicon* was expected at Alexandria last Wednesday, with further orders. Several Turkish men-of-war, one with troops on board, have arrived at Suda Bay. The French gun-boats which were reported to be guarding points on the Suez Canal have signalled that they are only passing through the Canal. No precautionary measures appear to have been taken up to the present with regard to the Canal. It is believed in diplomatic circles that England and France, in notifying the Porte of the dispatch of a naval expedition to Alexandria, declared that no orders had been given to land troops, and that in case of such a necessity arising the Sultan would be applied to, to furnish the force required of Turkish troops.

Our Special Artist at Cairo has furnished the Sketches of the residence of Arabi Pasha, and of the equipage with which he drives out, with an escort of Colonels, to show himself on the public promenade; the figures of some of the soldiery, gendarmes, and others in attendance upon the Egyptian Dictator, are separately sketched on the same page.

Lady Brassey distributed the prizes to the Liverpool contingent of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers last Saturday evening on board her Majesty's ship *Eagle*, lying in the King's Dock, Liverpool.

The Dean of Westminster, in reply to a memorial signed by several most influential English musicians, has, we are glad to learn, consented to allow a tablet to the memory of Michael Balfe to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

The Hove Commissioners have decided to borrow a further sum of £5000, to complete the new Townhall, which has been erected at a cost of £40,000. Bells with carillons are to be provided, and a great organ will be erected in the large hall.

The ship *Orontes*, Captain D. Bain, chartered by Mr. Saul Samuel, C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 18th inst., with 409 emigrants, under the supervision of Dr. C. H. Gibson, Miss Chicken being in charge of the single women.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, before leaving Windsor for the Highlands, gave audience to Earl Granville and to the Lord Steward, who presented an address from the House of Lords. Sir Spencer St. John, her Majesty's Minister at Lima, on his appointment and on his being made K.C.M.G., and Colonel Mansfield, Minister at Carrucas, kissed hands on appointment. The Minister from the Republic of St. Domingo presented his credentials; and Mr. W. F. Douglas, President of the Scottish Academy, and Mr. John J. Jenkins, M.P., were knighted by the Queen. The Duchess of Edinburgh came to take leave of her Majesty, passing the night at the Castle; and Princess Louise of Lorne lunched with Queen on the day of her departure; her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Elizabeth and Irene of Hesse, who had arrived from Darmstadt, leaving yesterday week for Scotland. The usual arrangements for the quietude of the northern journey were made; the Royal travellers having tea at Leamington, and breakfasting at Perth. At the Bridge of Dun a short halt was made, one of the axles having got heated. At Ballater a warm welcome greeted her Majesty, contrary to the usual reception; the Queen's expressed wish being to arrive quietly; but this being the first visit since her late danger, the district gave special significance to her arrival. Balmoral was reached at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, her Majesty having borne the journey well. The Queen has driven out daily, and has visited many of her old dependants and tenants. Her Majesty completed her sixty-third year on Wednesday.

The Lord Mayor of London has been created a Baronet, in consideration of the auspicious occasion of the opening of Epping Forest to the people by the Queen.

Sittings have been given to Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., for a marble bust, and to Mr. Alexander Bassano for photographs of her Majesty. Messrs. Downey and Son have also photographed the Duchess of Albany in her wedding dress.

The Queen has shown her approbation of the musical arrangements connected with the recent Royal marriage by presenting Sir George Elvey with a claret cup in memory of the occasion.

The Prince of Wales held a Levée, on behalf of the Queen, on Monday at St. James's Palace; at which some 350 presentations were made. The Royal party attending included the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Frederick William of Hesse, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian.

The first State Concert of the season took place at Buckingham Palace last evening.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, who went on a visit to Lord and Lady Carrington at Wycombe Abbey on Thursday week, was received at High Wycombe by the Mayor and Corporation, who presented an address, due military honours being given by the 3rd Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry (Bucks Militia), which battalion was inspected by his Royal Highness the next day, the Prince returning to Marlborough House in the evening. The Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark went to Windsor yesterday week, and lunched with Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. On Saturday the Prince and Princess and the Crown Prince of Denmark were present at the marriage of Miss Constance Knollys, daughter of General the Right Hon. Sir William Knollys, with the Rev. A. Knollys, at Lambeth Palace. Their Royal Highnesses attested the marriage, and breakfasted with the bridal party at Sir W. Knollys's official residence in the Royal Court, House of Lords; the bride and bridegroom leaving after for Birkhall, Ballater. The Prince a few days previously had attended the marriage of Mr. Frederick R. Knollys with Miss Carter Wood at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, when he signed the marriage register, the newly-married couple going to the Bachelor's Cottage at Sandringham, lent to them for the honeymoon by his Royal Highness. The Prince dined with Lieut.-Colonel Sir James M'Garel-Hogg and the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works at Willis's Rooms on Saturday evening. The Royal family were at Divine service as usual on Sunday. After holding the Levée on Monday, his Royal Highness dined with the members of the 1st (or Grenadier) Guards' Club at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Princess and the Crown Prince of Denmark went to the Lyceum Theatre. Their Royal Highnesses and the Crown Prince of Denmark visited Princess Louise of Lorne at Kensington Palace on Tuesday. The Prince dined with Earl Cadogan at Chelsea House, Cadogan-place; and the Princess, with the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince Frederick William of Hesse, went to the Comedy Theatre. Epsom was visited by the Prince on Tuesday, and on Wednesday he was accompanied there by the Princess and several of their relatives for the Derby, the Royal party travelling from Victoria Station to the race-course. The Prince had his usual Derby dinner at Marlborough House.

His Royal Highness has accepted an invitation from the Lord Mayor to dine at the Mansion House on June 17, when the Mayors of the United Kingdom will meet the Prince. His Royal Highness has also consented to unveil the statue about to be placed by the Mansion House committee to the memory of Sir Rowland Hill, near the Royal Exchange, on June 27.

The Bacchante, with the Royal Princes on board, sailed on Sunday from Athens for Suda Bay.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present at the annual sports of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; and their Royal Highnesses visited Charing-cross Hospital on Wednesday, to distribute prizes to the medical school. The Duchess has visited several of the picture exhibitions during the week, and has been to Royal Italian Opera, and to the Comedy and other theatres.

Prince and Princess Christian went to the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday evening.

Princess Louise of Lorne left Liverpool on Thursday, to embark on board the Allan Liner *Sarmatian*, for Canada.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz dined with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at their house in Berkeley-square on Monday.

The Duke of Cambridge had a dinner party at Gloucester House last Saturday evening, covers being laid for thirty.

Two new gun-boats, the *Stork* and *Raven*, were launched on the 18th inst. from the ship-building yards of Messrs. Samuda Bros., Poplar. These sister vessels, which have been built for her Majesty's Government, are of the same class as the *Starling*, launched from the same yards on the 19th ult.

A banquet was given by the Highland Society of London last Saturday, through the invitation of the President and directors, at Freemasons' Tavern, to the officers of the Gordon Highlanders and the officers of other Highland regiments stationed in or near London. The chair was taken by Sir Charles McGrigor, president of the society, and the company numbered nearly 200.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

In spite of the long spell of fine weather we have enjoyed, the Epsom course has seldom been in better condition than it is at present, and the few showers which fell early in the week just served to lay the dust. There was a capital day's racing on Tuesday, though it was one that was far more appreciated by book-makers than backers, as favourite after favourite was upset in ruthless style. Hauteur was the most fancied of the eight runners for the Woodcote Stakes, whilst Tyndrum, in spite of his excellent race with Rookery a fortnight ago, had few friends. The latter, who has the unenviable reputation of being a shifty, bad-tempered colt, did not improve his chance by bolting just prior to the race, and Hauteur succumbed to Beau Brummel, a son of George Frederick and Ma Belle, who ran well at Chester. The greatly-improved Tristan (8 st. 12 lb.) beat Retreat (8 st. 10 lb.) and two others very easily in the Epsom Stakes, and the Chetwynd Plate was very appropriately won by Sir George Chetwynd with Cosy.

The weather did not look very promising on the morning of the Derby Day; and partly on this account, and partly because there was a certainty of suffering more than usual from the plague of dust, there was a marked falling off in the number of people that travelled to Epsom by road. We imagine, however, that the railway companies profited in a corresponding degree, for there appeared no diminution in the attendance. As soon as the first race had been decided we went to the paddock, where most of the horses engaged in the great event were already walking about. Shotover was the first of the competitors that attracted our attention, and none of the fourteen runners were more universally admired. She is a slashing chestnut filly, with great length and liberty, and her grand hind quarters were specially noticeable. The cocky little Pursebearer did not have an extensive following, but he was trained to the hour, and looked as if made to order for the Epsom gradients. Marden made plenty of friends, and has grown into a grand colt, though he has a rather flashy T.Y.C. appearance. Next to Shotover, however, nothing pleased us so much as Fénélon, who is a grand colt, with power enough to carry a heavy-weight to hounds, and yet possesses plenty of quality. Dutch Oven is as lengthy and racing-like a mare as one could wish to see, but she was terribly light, and one glance at her ought to have convinced her most infatuated admirer that her recent illness had quite extinguished what would otherwise have been a splendid chance. There was general anxiety to have a good look at Bruce, and the favourite passed the ordeal with credit, though he has grown very little since last season. Executor looked like standing any amount of work, but he is a bit of a commoner; Psycho and Satrap were quite out of place in a Derby field, and Real Grit is a perfect wretch. We did not see Sachem and Gerald, who joined the others at the starting-post. The flag fell to a good start after a couple of breaks away; and well in front, on the rails, were the American pair, Sachem and Gerald. Directly, however, they got settled down Real Grit dashed to the front. He did not long maintain his position, because Marden and Bruce, going at their best, were soon some lengths in front, followed by Pursebearer; Real Grit, Sachem, and Quicklime, Shotover and Dutch Oven lying off in company with the outsider Satrap. The pace up to this had been a cracker, and at the furzes Gerald had had enough of it. As they came into the straight Bruce and Marden lost their places by running wide, and for a few strides Pursebearer was left in front of Quicklime, Bruce, Shotover, and Dutch Oven. The favourite, however, was well beaten a quarter of a mile from home, from which point Shotover and Quicklime came away together, and the former took up the running at the bell, winning in a canter by three-quarters of a length; a bad third; Bruce was fourth, and Gareth fifth. Thus a filly has won the Derby for the third time in a hundred and three years, and had not Shotover been withdrawn from the Oaks, she must have had a grand chance of repeating the Blink Bonny feat. Cannon had never previously ridden a winner of the great race, and the Duke of Westminster must be esteemed a wonderfully fortunate man to find a successor to Bend Or so quickly.

Cricketers were rather late in getting to work this season; but, once started, they soon began to make up for lost time, and, the long spell of dry weather having rendered the wickets too true and good to give even the best of bowling much chance, some extraordinarily long scores were made in various parts of the country. The Australians beat Oxford University by nine wickets, a result almost entirely due to the grand batting of Mr. H. H. Massie (206 and, not out, 46). Neither of these scores were made without one or two difficult chances being given, but both were splendid exhibitions of hard hitting. For the University C. D. Shaw (78) performed the remarkable feat of going in first and carrying out his bat. No one else did much in the first innings; but, in the second, A. O. Whiting (55) and C. F. H. Leslie (56) both "came off," and altogether the Oxonians, who are a very strong batting team, compiled no less than 423 runs in their two attempts, a very creditable performance against good bowling and the very best of fielding. Going on to Brighton, the Australians next met Sussex, and made a sad show of that very weak county. As their score is probably the largest that they will make during their present tour, we give it in full:—

AUSTRALIANS.			
Mr. H. H. Massie, c Bettsworth,	Mr. W. L. Murdoch, not out	286	
b Blackman	Mr. S. P. Jones, c Humphreys, b Lucas	5	
A. C. Bannerman, c Trevor, b Lillywhite	Mr. T. W. Garrett, b Humphreys	9	
Mr. T. Moran, c Humphreys, b Blackman	Mr. G. E. Palmer, b Blackman	28	
Mr. P. S. McDonnell, b Humphreys	Mr. F. R. Spofforth, c Humphreys, b Byes, 17, 1-b 22	8	
Mr. J. M. Blackham, 1 b w, b Lillywhite		39	
Mr. C. Giffen, c and b Blackman	Total	613	

We cannot say much for the Sussex bowling; still such a score as this is very remarkable under even the most favourable circumstances. For the county, Messrs. Whitfield (not out 54) and Ellis (52), and the Rev. F. G. Greenfield (23 and 31) were the only ones who could make runs, and all their efforts could not avert a crushing defeat in a single innings with 355 runs to spare. Derbyshire, which was very poorly represented, fared almost as badly as this at the hands of the M.C.C. and Ground, the club winning by an innings and 253 runs. Midwinter (not out 137) played a really splendid innings, and Fothergill (74) and Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote (64) also scored very freely. The M.C.C. and Ground also defeated Lancashire by eight wickets, and this time, Barnes (119) proved the champion of the victors; on the other side Mr. E. H. Porter (57) made the best stand. The representatives of the champion county are scarcely in form yet, as, going on to Cambridge, they were defeated by the University by 14 runs, after a very keen contest. The scoring was not very large on either side, and the fine batting of C. T. Studd (69 and 38) may be said to have won the match. The old rivals, Notts and Yorkshire, met on the Trent Bridge Grounds, and, after the game had gone all the other way in the first innings, the "lace county" pulled through by 90 runs. Morley was the hero of the occasion, taking six wickets

for 33 runs, and Selby (66) headed the poll amongst the batsmen. A very strong team which had been got up to represent the Orleans Club must have beaten the Australians easily had there been time to finish the match. Mr. A. P. Lucas (not out 87) played splendid cricket, and Messrs. W. G. Grace and A. G. Steel bowled in rare form. None of the visitors did much except Mr. Murdoch (not out 107), whose brilliant defence saved his eleven from a single innings defeat. M.C.C. and Ground v. Yorkshire resulted in favour of the former by eight wickets. No large scores were made.

A great meet of bicyclists took place on Saturday at Hampton Court-green. The Metropolitan Clubs were numerously represented, and riders came from various parts of the country. Altogether three thousand five hundred were present.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings W. Cook and W. Mitchell played 3000 up level, for £200 a side. On the first night both men were in poor form, and Mitchell obtained a good lead; but on Tuesday Cook came out with splendid breaks of 156, 239, 114, 214, 303, and 224, and won by 778 points.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

ITALY.

In the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 18th inst. the Army Organisation Bill was passed by 192 votes to 33. The House then discussed the bill for the recruitment of officers for the Army. It was agreed that young men of the first category, who have passed through the first class at a Lyceum or technical school, may, after eighteen months' service, be appointed sub-lieutenants and sent home on furlough to be called out in case of need. On Monday the Chamber passed an order of the day expressing gratitude to the projectors of the St. Gothard Railway and to those who had so ably carried the work to a successful conclusion.

The fifth International Literary Congress was opened on Sunday with a speech by Signor Ferrari.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Upper House of the Reichsrath on Monday adopted the credit for Bosnia and Herzegovina. It afterwards passed the Customs Tariff Bill, as proposed, rejecting the amendment of the Lower House as to duties on grain.

GERMANY.

The Emperor William gave an audience on the 18th inst. to Mr. Aaron A. Sargent, the new United States Minister Plenipotentiary, who presented his credentials to his Majesty.

The Committee of the German Reichstag has rejected the Tobacco Monopoly Bill by 21 votes to 3, and reports against any increase of the present tax.

DENMARK.

The Rigsdag was closed last Saturday afternoon. There was no Speech from the Throne.

RUSSIA.

Intelligence from St. Petersburg states that, owing to advices received of plotting abroad against the Czar, the coronation in Moscow, which had been fixed for Sept. 6, has been postponed till 1883.

The Moscow Exhibition will be opened on the 29th inst. A fire is reported at Kowno, by which 105 houses of Jews were destroyed, the loss being estimated at 600,000 roubles.

GREECE.

In the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday a bill was submitted fixing the strength of the Army during 1882 at 29,534 men.

AMERICA.

The House of Representatives yesterday week passed a bill prolonging the National Bank Charters for twenty years. Judgment in Guiteau's appeal was given by the Supreme Court at Washington on Monday. The sentence of death is confirmed.

CANADA.

On the 17th inst. Parliament was prorogued by the Governor-General. He expressed his belief that the members on returning to their homes would find the country prosperous. During the recess the Ministers would continue their efforts to secure favourable commercial relations with France and Spain, and would receive the hearty support of her Majesty's Government. Parliament would soon be dissolved, in order to allow the people to pronounce on the fiscal policy adopted in 1879, and to bring into operation the measure for the readjustment of the representation in the House. The Governor-General issued a proclamation last Saturday dissolving Parliament. Writs have been issued for the general elections.

Sir Alexander Galt, who has arrived in Ottawa, denies having resigned the post of High Commissioner for the Dominion in London.

From New Brunswick we hear that Mr. Harrington has been appointed Premier without portfolio; Mr. Macleod, of St. John, Attorney-General; Mr. Landry, Provincial Secretary, and Mr. Colter, Chief Commissioner. The elections have been fixed for June 22.

AUSTRALIA.

A telegraphic despatch has been received at the office of the Agent-General for Victoria, stating that the Hon. Graham Berry, having proposed a vote of want of confidence in Sir Bryan O'Loughlin's Ministry, the Government have had a majority of sixteen on the division.

Natal, in the elections recently concluded, has pronounced against the party in favour of responsible government.

Some terribly severe fighting is reported from Africa in the war between Bonny and New Calabar. A number of New Calabar warriors, who were watching the creek in their canoes, were surrounded by Bonny troops and all but annihilated.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen distributed the prizes to students of the Female School of Art on Wednesday in the large hall, Freemasons' Tavern.

The Royal Horticultural Society's great flower show of the season and horticultural implement exhibition was held on Tuesday and two following days. The band of the Royal Horse Guards was in attendance each day.

Sir John Holker died on Wednesday. He had been in bad health for some time, and had forwarded his resignation of the post of one of the Lords Justices of Appeal, to which he was appointed on Jan. 14.

The appointment of Colonel Brackenbury as Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary has been cancelled; and Colonel Bruce, late Deputy Inspector-General, has been appointed in his stead.

Sir J. McGarel-Hogg gave his annual dinner last Saturday to his colleagues of the Metropolitan Board of Works and a number of distinguished guests, among whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Teck.

Queenborough Pier was destroyed by fire yesterday week, and a vessel which had grounded close beside it was burnt also. The same day nearly half the village of Thorncombe, Dorset, was burnt down from a fire which originated in a baker's shop.

THE BOOTLE TOWNHALL.

The municipality of Bootle-cum-Linacre, a rising Lancashire borough, incorporated some years since, at the seaward extremity of the Mersey shore, beyond Liverpool Docks, has provided itself with a suitable Townhall. This was opened, on April 10, by the Mayor, Alderman W. Poulson, who was accompanied by the Mayors of several neighbouring cities and boroughs, the local members of Parliament, and the most influential residents of Bootle. We give an illustration of the building, which has its principal front in Oriel-road, and looks towards the busy docks and the broad river from which Bootle derives its trade and prosperity. The shipping in the Bootle Docks, the Mersey, and the opposite Cheshire shore, make a fine view from the upper windows of the building, while the stations of the London and North-Western (Balliol-road) and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways are in the immediate foreground. On the north the building has a frontage to Trinity-road, both that and Oriel-road being broad and commodious thoroughfares, though out of the line of the heavier traffic, which passes through the town. To the south and east of the building is a large open space, extending from Balliol-road to Trinity-road, and on these sides there is ample room for any extension which may hereafter be required. The general plan of the building will be understood if it be observed that the great hall occupies the angle at the corner of Oriel-road and Trinity-road, having the Mayor's parlour, committee-room, and council-chamber on the right, fronting Oriel-road, while the offices of the Corporation officials are to the left, fronting Trinity-road. The architect is Mr. Johnson, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, London, whose design was selected from among fifty competitors. The style adopted is the Renaissance of the period of Francis I., but omitting the exuberant details usually employed. The large hall affords room for public meetings, concerts, and lectures; it has a painted-glass window adorned with the armorial bearings of past Mayors of the borough, from 1869 to 1880, with room for those of the present and future Mayors.

THE BAXTERLEY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

We have engraved the portraits of two gentlemen, Mr. Dugdale and Mr. Pogmore, his agent, who lost their lives in the brave and generous endeavour to save the men underground in the colliery that took fire at Baxterley, near Atherstone, in Warwickshire, on the 2nd inst. The disaster was caused not by an ordinary explosion of gas in the workings, but by the furnace of a steam-engine used for pumping, which set fire to the coal, so that the men below, of whom there were nine in that part, could not escape from the pit. At daybreak next morning, the proprietor of the colliery, Mr. William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, went down, accompanied by his agent, Mr. John Pogmore, with the colliery manager, two mining engineers, Mr. Frank Pogmore, solicitor, son of the agent, and ten or twelve other volunteers, to attempt a rescue; but before they could accomplish anything three terrific explosions in quick succession inflicted on them serious injuries, and compelled them to retreat. Unfortunately, Mr. Dugdale and three others of the party were unable to make their escape before they were overtaken by the gas, and were, though brought up alive, so much injured as to cause their deaths, which are greatly lamented throughout that district of Warwickshire.

Mr. Dugdale, who was fifty-four years of age, was a country gentleman of high position and estimable character. He was the representative of two ancient families—the Stratfords, of Nunceaton, who had owned Merevale Hall since the seventeenth century; and the Dugdales, to which belonged the notable antiquary and historian of that name. The deceased was also brother-in-law to the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., having married, in 1871, Alice Frances, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., and niece to the late Lord Macaulay. He has left two young sons and a widow. His father was M.P. for North Warwickshire from 1833 to 1847, and his mother was sister to Lord Portman. He was a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and had been called to the Bar; he was active in local public business, being Chairman of the Atherstone Petty Sessions and of the Board of Guardians, and was esteemed a kind and considerate landlord and just employer of labour.

The portrait of Mr. Dugdale is from a photograph by A. Bassano, of London; and that of Mr. Pogmore, sen., from one by Marshall Wane, of Douglas, Isle of Man.

A military tournament will take place in the Agricultural Hall from June 12 to 17, and will be opened by Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. The proceeds will, as usual, go to the funds of the Royal Cambridge Asylum.

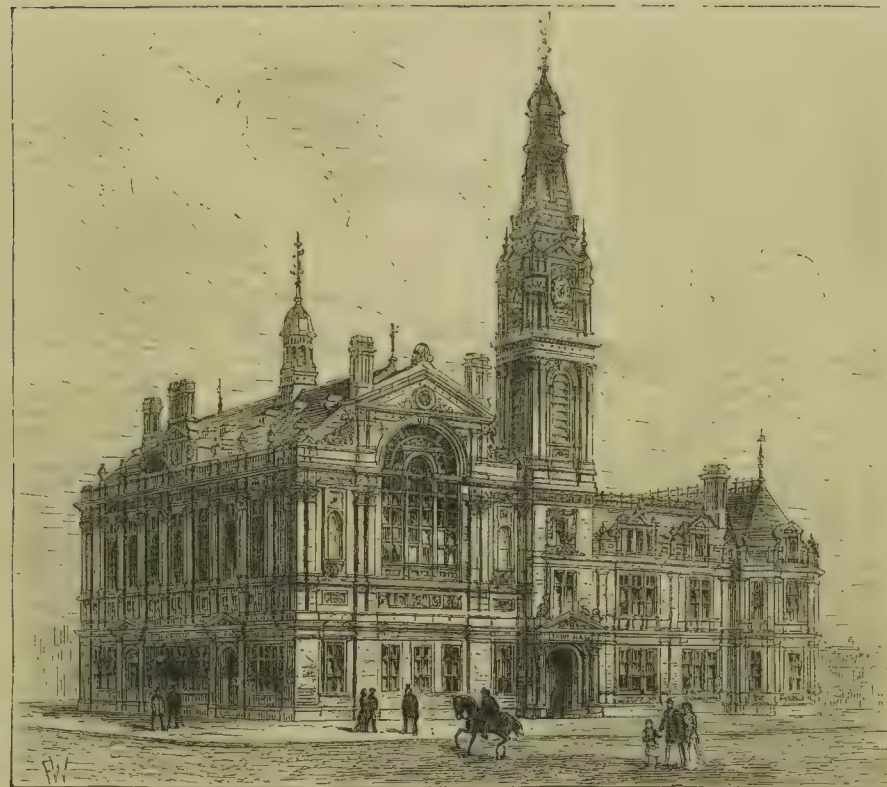
Lord Brooke, M.P., laid at Leamington on Tuesday the foundation-stone of a new theatre, which will cost £7000, exclusive of site, and will be built on the model of the Savoy Theatre, by the same architect.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 3.

SUNDAY, MAY 23.	
Whitsun Day.	St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., 2.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., St. James's, noon, Lord High Almoner or the Sub-Almoner.
Morning Lessons: Deut. xvi. 1—18; Romans viii. 1—18. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xi. or Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Gal. v. 16, or Acts xviii. 24; xix. 21.	Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. F. Fiske-Knollys; 3 p.m., Rev. F. Garden, the Sub-Dean.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Canon Barry; 3 p.m., the Dean, Dr. Bradley; 7 p.m., the President of Trinity College, Oxford.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. C. Croslegh; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. Du Boulay.
MONDAY, MAY 29.	
Whitsun Monday, Bank Holiday.	Yorkshire Fine-Art Exhibition, Leeds, opens.
King Charles II. restored, 1660.	Bath and West of England Society Meeting, at Cardiff.
Scottish Gathering in Aid of the Scottish Churches in London, at Stamford Bridge Grounds.	Races: Four Oaks Park, Kempton Park, and Redcar.
TUESDAY, MAY 30.	
Whitsun Tuesday.	Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor A. Gamgee on Digestion.
Manchester Races.	
WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.	
Gresham Lecture, 6 p.m., Dr. H. Wyld on Music (four days).	Printers' Pension Corporation, anniversary festival.
THURSDAY, JUNE 1.	
Full moon, 8.33 p.m.	Chemical Society, 8 p.m., Drs. Russell and Lapraik on the Spectroscopic Study of Chlorophyll.
Reassembling of the House of Lords.	Cambridgeshire Agricultural Society Show, Newmarket.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on the Metals.	
Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.	
FRIDAY, JUNE 2.	
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m.	Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. J. R. Royle on the Production of Text, Cinnamon, Rhea and Wild Silks in India.
Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Mr. H. H. Statham on the Intellectual Basis of Music, 9 p.m.	Library Association 8 p.m., Mr. E. C. Thomas on the Library Statistics of Europe.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Lieutenant Charles Sleeman on Captain McEvoy's System of Defence of Harbours.	Philological Society, 8 p.m.
SATURDAY, JUNE 3.	
Prince George of Wales born, 1865.	Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor D. Masson on Poetry.
The Queen's Birthday to be kept.	Actuaries' Institute, anniversary, 3 p.m.
Horticultural Summer Show (four days).	



THE LATE MR. W. S. DUGDALE,
OF MEREVALE, WARWICKSHIRE.



THE NEW TOWNHALL, BOOTLE, LANCASHIRE.
SEE PAGE 517.



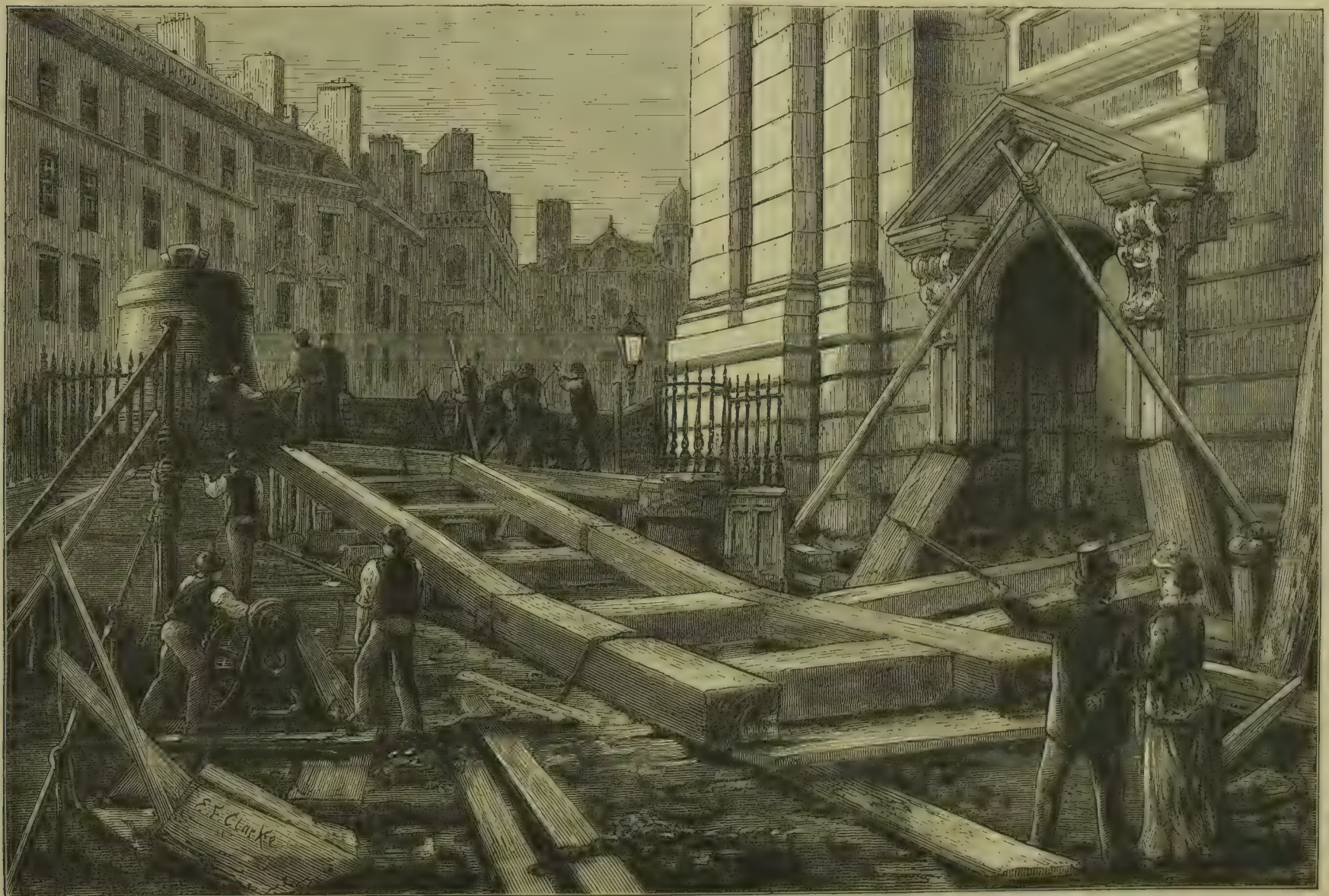
THE LATE MR. POGMORE,
OF THE BAXTERLEY COLLIERY, ATHERSTONE.



THE BIG BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S: PROCESSION ON THE ROAD TO LONDON.—SEE PAGE 518.



THE BIG BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S: A REST ON THE ROAD.



ARRANGEMENTS FOR GETTING THE BIG BELL INTO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE GREAT BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S.

The large bell manufactured by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, Leicestershire, for St. Paul's Cathedral, arrived in London on Monday morning, having been eleven days on the road, drawn by a traction-engine a hundred and fifteen miles. On the first day, Thursday, the 11th inst., it got to Leicester; next day it passed into Northamptonshire, near Market Harborough; and on Saturday from Northampton, by Stony Stratford, Fenny Stratford, Leighton Buzzard, Dunstable, and St. Albans, to Finchley and Highgate, where it rested on Sunday last. The contractors for the safe conveyance of this ponderous bell were Messrs. Coles and Matthews, of Coventry, who have performed their task with entire success. The bell weighs nearly seventeen tons, and stands above nine feet high, with a circumference of thirty feet at the rim. It was placed on a massive trolley, with low iron wheels of great width; the weight of the trolley and bell together being not less than twenty-two tons. A traction-engine took the heavily-laden carriage in tow; another engine drew a covered van, or hut on wheels, stored with jacks and engineers' tools of all kinds, for raising or repairing the trolley, in case of need. Attached to the rear of this travelling tool-house, which served also to shelter the men at night, was a cultivator, made for steam-ploughing, laden with boiler-plates, which could be laid down to assist in getting the wheels of the trolley over soft ground. Last of all, came a cask-shaped tank, to supply the two engines in traversing country where water might be scarce. The strange procession excited great curiosity and wonder in the rural districts of Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire. In some places, the local Volunteers' band turned out. The bell was piloted along the road by Mr. R. Coles, riding on a tricycle, and accompanied by Mr. Taylor, with several London newspaper correspondents and others. A photograph of the bell on its carriage was taken by Mr. F. Rubbra, of Stony Stratford, on the evening of the 15th inst.; and Mr. Richards, of Luton, took another photograph when it approached Dunstable. On Saturday afternoon, having arrived near Highgate, on the road from Finchley, the bell was met by thousands of Londoners, who came up the Archway-road to witness such an unusual spectacle. It was taken into the coal-yard of the Great Northern Railway at the Woodman Station, and was left there till Monday morning, when it was brought at an early hour into London, reaching St. Paul's-churchyard at eight o'clock. The arrangements made by Mr. Penrose, architect and surveyor to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for removing the bell from its travelling-carriage and introducing it within the south tower of the west front of the Cathedral, were not the least remarkable part of the undertaking. Some difficulty had been presented by the fact that the doorway into the tower proved too narrow by about 2½ feet, and the solid stone walls had to be cut away on each side, near the ground, while the masonry above had to be shored up with great care and ingenuity. Between this door and the spot at which the bell-carriage was drawn up, an elaborate timber slope had been constructed of beams 12 in. or 14 in. square, surfaced with slabs of oak, rendered slippery by a smearing of tallow and black lead. On to this slope the bell was dragged by the force of ropes and crabs or windlasses, but resting upon a circular wooden disk, to which it was fastened. The bell was thus enabled to slide slowly down in front of the door, and was then dragged up another short incline into the centre of the tower. The machinery for lifting the bell to a height of 125 ft. in the tower was very simple, consisting of two "crabs" from Woolwich Dock-yard, each worked by four men, two men at each handle, to haul the ropes, 2½ in. thick, through a series of blocks and pulleys, two above and two below. The operation would be done very slowly, but was expected to be performed on Wednesday or Thursday. There is a clear passage for the bell up the centre of the winding staircase in the tower. Its destined position is beside the clock, and below the present big bell of St. Paul's, which strikes the hours.

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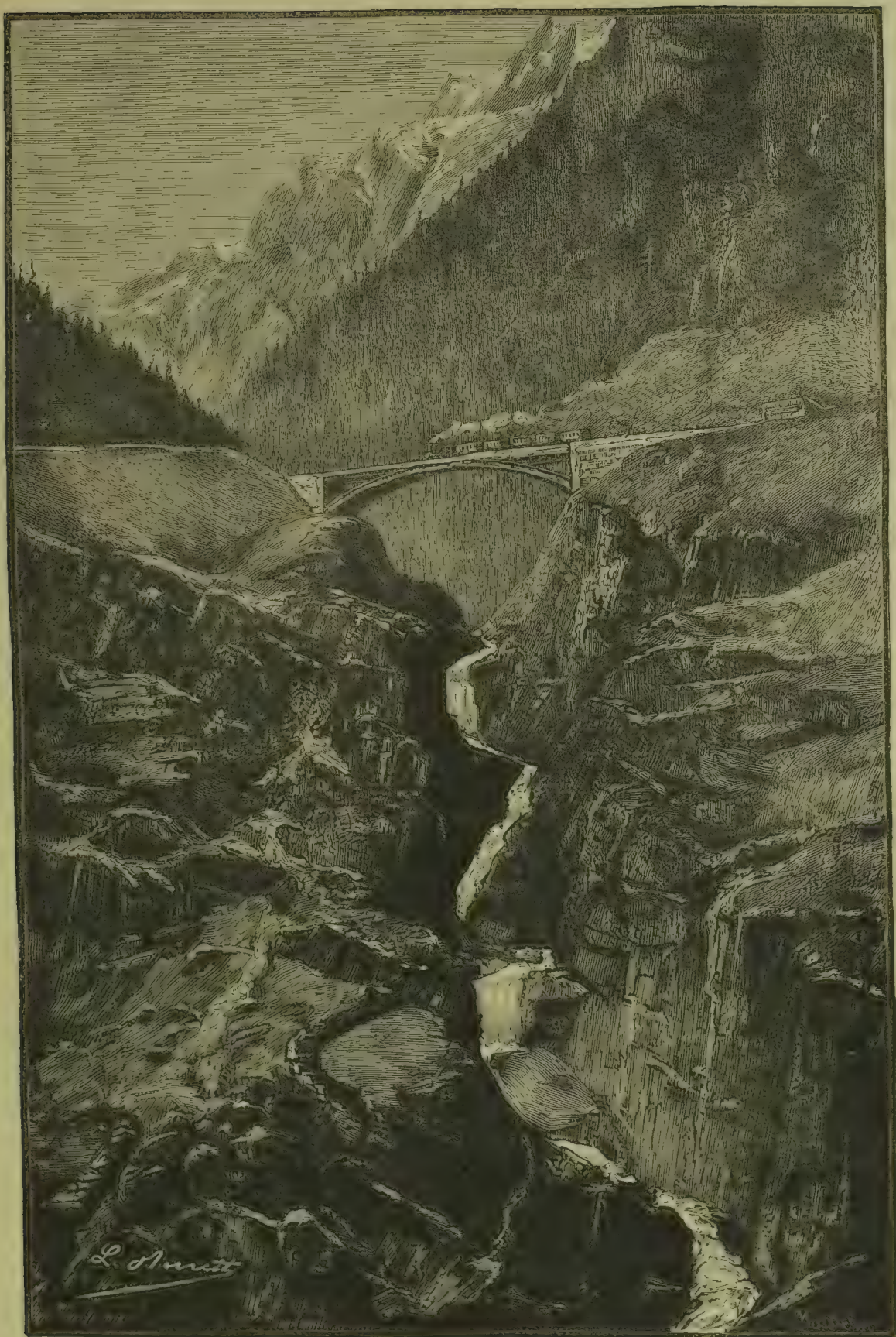
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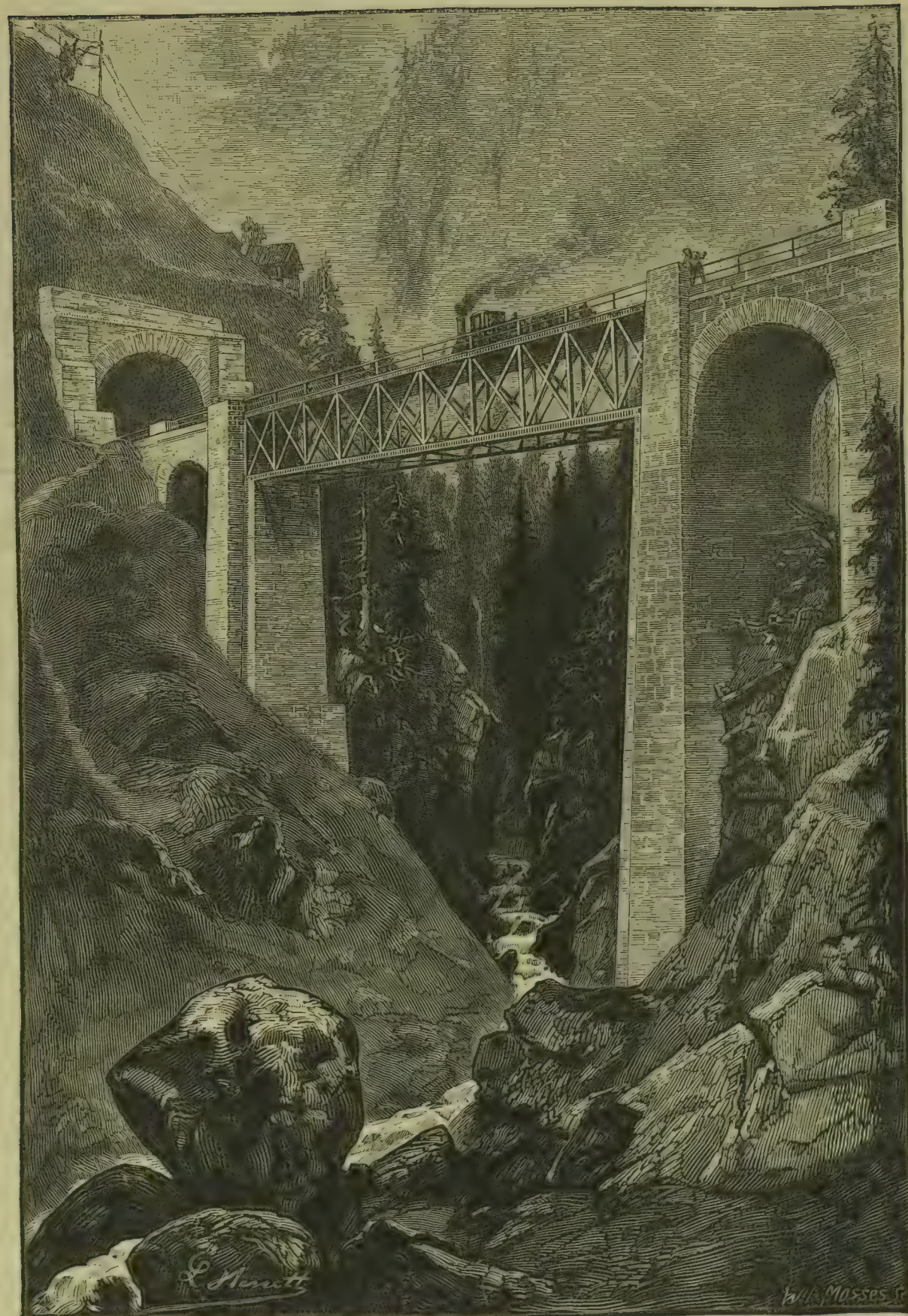
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BRIDGE AND TUNNEL AT WASEN.—SEE PAGE 523.

GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITION.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

A few works at this gallery which either deserve notice, or provoke criticism, remain to be reviewed. Among the latter must certainly be classed the more pretentious of the contributions of Mr. W. B. Richmond. Never was the danger of "vaulting ambition" more painfully exemplified than by this artist. Where he is content to simply transfer to canvas the nature he sees before him, as in the half-lengths of Mr. and Mrs. Lowthian Bell (194 and 198), he is perfectly acceptable, though far from great. But when, having to portray a beauty, or some distinguished man, or to deal with an imaginative theme, he conceives that some extraordinary effort must be made, some marked character or intensity of expression must be given—in short, some ideal treatment is necessary, he is at once stilted, affected, and extravagant. We need not point to other examples in confirmation of our remark than the seated three-quarter length portrait of Mr. Gladstone (77), in his red University robes, holding a huge folio—which is simply ludicrous. In this apparently colossal absurdity, the familiar pallor of the Premier's complexion assumes the grimy hue of a coalheaver, at least in the shadows, for the lights glisten with the perspiring glow of a fervid inspiration that seems to fix the eyes in a half-insane stare. The "motive"—though how degraded!—is clearly borrowed from one of the Prophets of the Sistine Chapel; and to see Michael Angelo so travestied is an offence against good taste of which we cannot speak in less measured terms. The large picture of "The Release of Prometheus by Hercules" (57) is also much more lofty in aim than in performance. The Titan sits on the rock freeing his stiffened limbs, from which the irons have been shattered. And the demi-god strides behind on a loftier pinnacle, discharging an arrow at the unseen culture. The attitude of the latter is well conceived, but his figure is not of heroic mould; it is merely that of an over-trained athlete; and in both the anatomy is more demonstrative than correct. The "Cassandra" (123) of Mr. J. Collier is energetic, but she is scarcely the daughter of Priam. From these regions of classical fable and Homeric story to "The Weeders of the Pavement" (45), Mr. Boughton's best picture of the year, is a long but not unpleasant descent. The subject is a number of more or less saucy Dutch girls, under the inspection of a comical old harbour-master, plucking the grass from a disused landing-stage of one of the "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee. The quaint figures, the toylike houses in the distance, and the turbid water, have an air of vraisemblance betokening close study on the spot. But, as in previous works, into the whole tone of the picture a tinge of green has crept; and the artist is apt to reproduce too frequently a peculiar blunt-nosed type of face. The "Entombment" (51), by J. Story, has original features in the composition, and the execution indicates facile ability; but, as a whole, the work does not rise above clever conventionalism. There is a good deal of merit in Mrs. John Collier's picture (103) of two little girls rehearsing their part in a pantomime or ballet in a garret. A small picture (163), by Mr. Alma Tadema of a little girl threading "Granny's Needle" (163) is charming in feeling, and in effect reminds one of an old Dutch master. Mr. E. Barclay's troop of Kabyle girls "Going to the Fountain" (162), is a pleasant reminiscence of his sojourn in Algeria, and very well painted. Figure-pictures by E. Weguelin; J. Chartran's brilliant, small portrait of his brother-artist, J. Story (277)—misplaced among the drawings; and "Nora Greena" (118), by G. Halle, which is a great advance, also deserve mention. We hardly know what to say of Mr. Holman Hunt's full-length of a little girl holding an orange, with a lamb by her side, which he has christened Miss Flamboyant (89), in allusion to a passage in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The artist's strenuous conscientiousness is apparent, but as obvious, we think, is the radical defect of a method which, in its heavy and positive equality of *facture*, admits of no transparency, no effect of atmosphere, no variety of texture, and affords no room for accident or suggestion.

A few works combining figure with landscape deserve note, particularly W. H. Bartlett's "Lading Corn," a scene at Roundstone on the West Coast of Ireland. This is full of daylight, and a very vigorous solid piece of work; it bears out the promise this young artist has recently presented. W. J. Hennessey's "Spring Calvados" (81) is very refined in colour, and idyllic in sentiment. G. Clausen may have been thinking of Bastien Lepage when painting the "Gleaners" (97), but there is a sense of beauty in the figures which would not be found in the French painter's works. In landscape *pur et simple*, a prominent place is due to J. W. North's "Autumn Days" (71), in which the multitudinous and intricate detail of Nature, and its endless variety of growths, are rendered with the artist's customary delicacy, and at the same time reconciled with requirements of breadth—breadth that is no less characteristic of Nature, and no less essential in a picture—to which he has seldom so well conformed. C. N. Hemy's "Oporto" (100) is open to much the same objection as Holman Hunt's portrait, the prosaic heavy-handed equality of the execution is completely destructive of aerial perspective. H. Moore's "After a Storm—Calm" (179) is such a subject as he has often painted; yet always welcome is the truth we have here in the action of the waves, and in the effect and colour of the light, especially where it impinges on or is reflected by the subsiding breakers. Walter Crane's "Dunstanborough Castle" (133) has technical shortcomings, which, however, are in great measure redeemed by the artistic feeling displayed. E. H. Fahey's "Wroxham Broad, Norfolk" (49), if rather hard, is admirable for the truthful relations of tone between the brimming water, the rainy sky, and the darkling trees. K. Hallswele's unpicturesquely chosen view of "Shooter's Hill" (33) is monotonous in colour, as usual, but its effectiveness is more legitimately obtained than is the artist's wont. Still, in landscape of this sort we miss all touch of beauty, sentiment, or refinement. We must recognise artistic perceptions or sympathies in Cecil Lawson's landscapes, whatever may be said of his pathistic tendency, and his practice. We should say that he admires the grandiose classical landscape of G. Poussin, judging by "The Storm Cloud" (30); and, looking at the audacious use of pigments in the sky of another picture, we should infer that he had looked closely at the later works of Jules Dupré, and other French jugglers with colours and impasto. But these crude, painty, or juicy skies, and these dirty, heavy greens, are not derived from nature; and much more knowledge is necessary to sustain pretention to so much mastery. In still-life, W. Hughes has the field almost all to himself—saving two small, highly-finished, brilliant pictures of roses (42) and grapes (208), by W. J. Muckle. "Fruits of Italy" (228), Mr. Hughes's largest contribution, represents a gorgeous array of melons, gourds, grapes, *fiaschi* of wine, &c., on the stall of a shop in an Italian street. It is well composed and painted in a masculine manner; and if the reds were a little subdued, the colouring would be not less satisfactory. But more original is this artist's decorative panels, especially the "Golden Pippins" (287) and "Cob-nuts" (288), the greyish green of the foliage in which forms a chaste harmony with the greenish gold of the

ground, and indicate a true sense of colour. Among the sculpture there is little demanding attention besides Count Gleichen's promising model for a statue of Hero holding aloft the torch as a beacon for Leander, and Mr. Boehm's sketches for the statues of General Sir John Burgoyne and Lord Beaconsfield for Westminster Abbey. Mr. Legros was ill-advised to exhibit, even in sketch form, anything so weak and inchoate as "La Source." It is all very well for Mr. Boehm to exhibit—if he can afford to do so (as he can)—such a rough first-thought in portraiture as his Lord Beaconsfield; but we look, even in the inception of an ideal work, for some originality of motive, or some indication of feeling or knowledge in modelling, but in this "Source" we have not the first, second, or third.

Mr. J. J. Tissot is exhibiting a collection of his oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, and etchings, and also some cloisonné enamels, to the production of which he has lately turned his attention, in the Dudley Gallery. Among the paintings not previously exhibited is a series of four illustrating "The Prodigal Son in Modern Life." We regret we have not space to notice in detail the collection—which is displayed with a taste in the arrangements that is rarely seen in this country.

In the upper room at the Egyptian Hall Mr. A. MacCallum is exhibiting a collection of his oil-paintings and drawings. The most important new picture is a representation of "The Major Oak of Sherwood Forest"—i.e., the gigantic oak of Sherwood Forest, seen under evening effect after a storm.

At the Gallery, 168, New Broad-street, is being shown a number of Tapestry Paintings, by Mr. B. Grénié and his assistants. They are mostly copies from pictures or old tapestries, and many are excellent. As they are inexpensive, compared to the cost of real tapestries, and the colours are washable, the application of the process for purposes of decoration is obvious.

The seventh annual Exhibition of Paintings on China by lady amateurs and artists was opened on Monday at Messrs. Howell and James's, Regent-street.

THE CHURCH.

PREFEMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Bridges, T. L. C., to be Rector of Warkton.
Bush, Paul; Honorary Canon of St. Paul in Truro Cathedral.
Clarke, R. D. L.; Vicar of Desborough.
Coates, A.; Minor Canon of Rochester Cathedral.
Coombe, C. G.; Perpetual Curate of the Chapel of Ease, Worthing.
Du Boulay, H. H.; Honorary Canon of St. Samson in Truro Cathedral.
Eames, John Gough; Rector of West Ilsley, Berks.
Flood, S. E., late Rector of St. Matthew's, Leeds; Vicar of Dinton.
French, V., Rector of Llanmartin; Rural Dean of East Netherwent.
Freeman, Alfred; Vicar of Burgh-on-Bain.
Frere, W. J., Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton; Vicar of Quatford, near Bridgnorth.
Gray, Andrew E. P.; Vicar of Poynton.
Green, Alfred John Morgan; Rector of Castle Caerleon.
Greene, Jonas; Chaplain to the Stow-on-the-Wold Union Workhouse.
Hatton, J. L. S.; Rector of West Barkwith.
Inman, Edward; Vicar of Gillingham.
Jones, George; Rector of Dummer.
Jones John; Curate of St. John's, North Woolwich.
Jon's, William; Vicar of St. Mary's, Pembroke.
Kempe, James Arthur, Vicar of Newton St. Cyres; Vicar of St. Beward.
Kirk, W. B.; Vicar of St. Peter's, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Legg, William; Vicar of Swingfield.
Lillie, William; Vicar of Brenzett, Kent.
Maxwell, D. A.; Rector of Thorpe Constantine.
Murray, James John; Perpetual Curate of Pencoyes.
Neville, W.; Vicar of Watlington; Vicar of Butleigh, near Glastonbury.
Owen, C. H.; Rector of Bradford, Berks.
Skrine, V. E.; Perpetual Curate of St. Saviours', Poplar.
Vyvyan, H.; Rector of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York.
Williams, H. M. (late Curate); Perpetual Curate of Llanddeusant, Carmarthenshire.
Williams, T. V.; Vicar of All Saints', Shooters'-hill.
Wodhams, L., Curate of St. Sepulchre's, Northampton; Chaplain of her Majesty's Prison, Northampton.—*Guardian*.

The Archdeacon of Middlesex delivered his charge to the clergy of the Archdeaconry in the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, on Tuesday.

Judgment was given by the House of Lords on Monday in the Bordesley ritual case, the Lord Chancellor and Lords Blackburn, Bramwell, and Watson unanimously upholding the judgment of Lord Penzance and dismissing the appeal.

A committee has been formed in London for the purpose of raising funds towards the preservation of Blythburgh Church, Suffolk, which has fallen into a ruinous condition. Subscriptions will be gladly acknowledged by the hon. secretary of the fund, 4, Garden-court, Temple, E.C.

On the evening of Ascension Day a most impressive service was held at St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn Viaduct. The choir, which is always a really excellent one, was strengthened by the addition of a hundred voices, and acquitted itself admirably. For the Anthem was performed a selection from Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah." Dr. C. J. Frost presided at the organ; and Mr. Loaring, the organist, conducted.

The Church of St. Mary, Sedgeford, in the diocese of Norwich, has been reopened, after having been closed for restoration for twelve months. The church is one of special architectural interest, and much care has been taken to preserve all that is valuable in it, and to restore it to something of the grandeur of which it was in great measure deprived at the last restoration, some forty years ago. The nave and aisles have been in the hands of Mr. F. Preedy, and the chancel in those of Mr. E. Christian, the architect of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are large owners of land and tithes in the parish, and who have contributed one half of the £2000 which have been expended upon the work.

Wetherall church, Cumberland, which has been restored under the direction of Mr. Withers, has been reopened. The chancel was dealt with by the Chapter about ten years ago, and the work has now been completed through the exertions of the Rector (the Rev. W. Blake), who has raised £2000 for the purpose. The church contains a memorial of John Hodgson, who had been clerk of the parish for fifty-six years. During that time he officiated under fifty-three different clergymen, and never missed a single Sunday service. He was present at 5013 christenings, 2112 marriages, and 4699 funerals. He died in July, 1864.

The painted window, presented by the Cordwainers' Company to the Church of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, was unveiled on the 16th inst., in the presence of the Master and the court of assistants. The "Good Samaritan" is the subject of the window, which is from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the original drawing being in the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year.—West Newton church has been restored, at the cost of the Prince of Wales, by A. W. Blomfield. Two stained-glass windows have been placed in the church—one, illustrating the subjects of the Baptism of Our Lord and the Passover, is the joint gift of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne; in the other window, the gift of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., is the subject of the Crucifixion. These windows were designed and executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, under the supervision of Mr. Blomfield.

A Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy Charily was held at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, last Saturday—Earl Powis, vice-president of the Society, presiding. The main business of the court was the consideration of the applications of widows and aged single daughters of clergymen to be elected to the pensions rendered vacant by death or resignation during the past year. The total number of these pensions is 712, and there were thirty-six vacancies to be filled up. Mr. Paget Bowman, the registrar, submitted a list of 160 applicants, most of them in pressing need of immediate assistance, and the pensions having been allotted to the ladies deemed most deserving of them, temporary grants of money were made to almost all the unsuccessful candidates. It has been deemed expedient this year, as a temporary measure, to reduce the amount of the pensions from £20, the sum usually received by the pensioners when first elected, to £10, in consequence of the present depression of the funds of the society.

Handsworth parish church is undoubtedly one of the most interesting places of its kind in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, for in it are deposited the bodies of the celebrated trio of Soho—Matthew Boulton, James Watt, and William Murdoch, the inventor of coal gas. The seated statue of Watt, one of the finest works of Chantrey, has a separate chapel to itself, built under the direction of the sculptor, who has been careful to arrange the light upon his work in a manner worthy the consideration of those who may desire to see interior sculpture shown to the best advantage. For many years the church was little better than a large barn, and patched with the Walpolian Gothic in vogue at the beginning of the present century. But four or five years ago the present Rector, the Rev. William Randall, made an appeal to the manufacturers of Birmingham and the inhabitants of his own parish for help to put the house in order again; for originally the church was a very handsome one, built about the middle of the fourteenth century. Sufficient money was raised to rebuild and extend the church in a manner worthy of its associations, but the amount ran short of the sum desired, and many proposed interior decorative works remained in abeyance. During the past few months this portion has been taken in hand, and the interior is now completed. The carvings and sculpture were entrusted to Mr. Roddis, of Birmingham; and Messrs. Burlison and Grylles, of London, have filled the west window with stained-glass.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Ellerton theological prize at Oxford has been awarded to Mr. Charles Henley Walker, B.A., Oriel College; and the Lothian Historical Prize to Mr. W. J. Ashley, B.A., Balliol. Mr. H. O. B. Clayforth, Exhibitioner of Worcester College, born in the West Riding of the county of York, has been elected to the vacant scholarship on the foundation of the late J. Abbott, Esq., of Halifax. The examination was in classics, and is of the value of £60 for three years.

This year's Rede Lecture at Cambridge will be delivered by Mr. Matthew Arnold in the Senate House on June 14, the subject being "Literature and Science." Mr. J. P. Whitney, B.A., King's College, has been elected to Dr. Lightfoot's scholarship, founded for the encouragement of the study of ecclesiastical history. The Sheepshanks Astronomical Exhibition (of the annual value of about £50, and tenable for three years) has been awarded to Herbert Hall Turner, scholar of Trinity.

Wednesday, the 10th inst., was Presentation Day at the University of London. In the absence of the Chancellor, Lord Granville, the diplomas and other awards were presented by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls. Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Arthur Russell, and Sir John Lubbock, M.P. for the University, were among those who supported the Vice-Chancellor, and most of the members of the Senate were present. For the first time in the history of the University the lady graduates made their appearance in academical costume, and several ladies were among the recipients of diplomas. The Registrar, Mr. Milman, having read a report of the examinations held during the year, the undergraduates who had obtained exhibitions, medals, and prizes came forward and received their distinctions. The graduates who had passed during the year in the various faculties were then presented with their diplomas; those who had won scholarships, medals, and prizes receiving these distinctions separately.

Professor Lankester has been reappointed Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at University College, London; and Mr. Frederick Pollock and Mr. T. P. Taswell-Langmead have been appointed, respectively, Professors of Jurisprudence and of Constitutional Law and History.

The governors of St. Paul's School have made alterations in the annual award of school exhibitions. The sum distributed yearly has been increased from £1000 to £1400. For the future there will be given one classical exhibition of £80, a second of £60, and a third of £40; a mathematical exhibition of £70, and a second of £50; also a science exhibition of £50. These exhibitions are all tenable for four years.

The Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus, will be translated to the Roman Catholic see of Hexham and Newcastle, vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Chadwick.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| BENTLEY AND SON.
Pet of the Countess. A Novel. 3 vols.
Blackwood and Sons. | MACMILLAN AND CO.
English Men of Letters: Bentley. By R. C. Jebb. |
| The Revolt of Man.
CASSELL, PETER, and GALTIN.
Cassell's Popular Library—The Religious Revolution in the Sixteenth Century. By the Rev. Stephen A. Swaine.
"Little Folks." Crayon Book. | MURRAY.
Royal Geographical Society. Supplementary Papers, Vol. 1, Part 1, Travels and Researches in Western China. By E. Colborne Baber. |
| CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Deeglen. A Novel. By Hugh Morven. 3 vols. | PAUL AND CO.
Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan. By T. W. Dutt. With an Introductory Memoir by Edmund W. Gosse. |
| CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Life of George Cruikshank. By Blanchard Jerrold. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols.
For Cash Only. A Novel. By James Payn. 3 vols.
Recreations of a Literary Man: or, Does Writing Pay? By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. | REEVES AND TURNER.
A Short Chronicle concerning the Parish of Croydon in the County of Surrey. By J. Corbett Anderson. |
| DENTON, PARIS.
Le Jeu Public et Monacal. Par le Docteur Prompt. | REMINGTON AND CO.
His First Love and His Last. A Story with Two Heroes. By Anna M. Clarke. |
| HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
Songs for Little Singers in the Sunday School and Home. Composed by Henry King Lewis. Second Edition. | SMITH, ELDER, and CO.
A Poor Squire. By Holme Lee. 2 vols.
Lord Macaulay. Essayist and Historian. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. |
| HURST AND BLACKETT.
The Rapiers of Regent's Park. By John Cordy Jeaffreson. 3 vols. | SOTHERAN AND CO.
British Mezzotint Portraits: Being a Descriptive Catalogue of these Engravings from the Introduction of the Art to the Early Part of the Present Century. With Biographical Notes. Part IV. Division 1. |
| KENT AND CO.
Poems of Lord Byron, Carefully Selected. 2 vols. Pocket Edition. | STANFORD.
Visitor's Guide to San Remo. By John Congreve. With Maps. |
| LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.
A Garland from Greece. By George Francis Armstrong. | STUCK.
Counsels to Candidates for Confirmation. By J. W. Dardley. |
| Three in Norway. By Two of Them. With Map and Illustrations.
Reminiscences: Ancestral, Anecdotal, and Historic. By Sir Edward Burke. | A Ballade of the Scottische Kynges. Written by John Skelton. Reproduced in facsimile with Introduction by J. Ashton. |
| Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795—1835. By James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. With Portraits and Etchings. | Memorials of the Right Rev. Dr. J. Pettitt McIlvaine, late Bishop of Ohio. Edited by the Rev. W. Carr. Sec. Ed. |
| LOW AND CO.
A Holiday in South Africa. By R. W. Lyle. With Maps and Illustrations. | Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World. With Gazetteer and Atlas Combined. 2 vols. |
| The Friendship of God, and Other Meditations upon Holy Scripture. By the late Rev. Henry Wright. | MARCUS WARD AND CO.
The New Plutarch; Victor Emanuel. By Edward Dicey. |

DOWN IN A SWALLOW-HOLE.

In this pleasant spring-time, the swallows are skimming both land and water, flying rapidly hither and thither, twisting and turning upon the May-flies with lightning rapidity, their glossy plumage of black and brown and white gleaming in the sun, as they wheel "more fleet than bowyer's shaft." Sir Humphry Davy, in his "Salmonia," ranks the swallow as a sacred bird, together with the stork and ibis; and says that "he belongs to the Oracles of Nature." And, of what he further says thereupon, I thought, only on Sunday last, when a pair of swallows claimed sanctuary in our little village church, flying in through the old Norman doorway, as the clerk opened the door at ten o'clock, and refusing to quit the sacred building until just before the afternoon service. Now, although, in such circumstances, a certain beautiful text about a swallow finding a house instinctively recurs to one's thoughts, and though we recollect the Tate-and-Brady verse as to those birds being allowed "space to sit and sing," yet, we may remember that we are not now living in an Eastern country; and we know, practically, that the Rural Dean would call us to account if we permitted such things; and that we ourselves should be disposed to say something unpleasant to the highly respectable dame whose office it is to clean the church on a week-day. But there were the swallows—vainly, as I suppose, searching for flies in nave and chancel, wheeling around, and, occasionally, finding "space to sit and sing." Of course, such winged choristers altogether upset the school-children, whose eyes followed the rapid movements of the visitors; and, as for the rest of the congregation, how could the Rector expect to gain their undivided attention, when even so able a preacher as Sydney Smith could say, "A sparrow fluttering about a church is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome."

Between swallows and Swallow-holes it would be easier to find a connection than between Macedon and Monmouth, for here are swallows skimming the shelving grass banks that rise far above me as I stand down at the bottom of this water-pierced hollow—or "Swallow-hole," as we locally term it—and look up through a fringe of trees to the blue sky and white clouds overhead. In our immediate neighbourhood there is a great variety in the landscape, owing to the frequent alternation of hard and soft beds of rock. The clay on which we stand rests on the great Oolite Limestone; and, out of the dark earth, fossil oysters are frequently turned up by the plough. In many places the constant action of water has worn away the limestone into fissures and caverns, which have subterranean chambers, through which the stream disappears. These spots are marked by hollows, of more or less dimensions, where, from the giving way of the limestone rock, the soil has sunk into a central basin, into which the stream from above falls, percolates, and is finally lost to view. They are so many grassy amphitheatres, sometimes on the slope of a hill, sometimes on a level, and in the heart of a wood. Because they swallow the water they are known as Swallow-holes, though some of our rustics term them "blowing-holes," from the noise that the wind frequently makes as it blows through the rocky caverns.

These, then, are our Swallow-holes; and we might be in many less pleasant spots or picturesque positions during the merry month of May than down in a Swallow-hole. Here are the swallows themselves, which have "come back again," as they did to the Queen o' the May; and around us are many wild flowers, the colour of which is yellow—a word which the delicate-eared Tennyson once made to rhyme with swallow. You will, I daresay, remember the passage; it occurs in those most melodious lines in "The Dying Swan." But in the vicinity of his Lincolnshire birthplace and home people of good birth and education pronounce "yellow" as though it were spelt "yallow;" and therefore, in describing a Fen scene, Tennyson naturally uses a Fen rhyme. In the "Lotos-Eaters," where he had not Lincolnshire in view, he rhymes yellow in the accustomed manner.

Talking of swallows and yellow flowers, I wonder if I shall find anywhere around this Swallow-hole the small dullish yellow blooms of the celandine—Wordsworth's flower? Yes, it grows near the old stonework, at the head of the Swallow-hole, where a drain has been made to carry off the water from the upland. Now, this celandine—which our forefathers called tetterwort, and believed to be a cure for that malady—is the herb Chelidonium, which is the Greek for swallow; and it was so called, and was further named swallow-wort, because it was believed that, with its acrid juices, the swallow opened the eyes of its young; and that, even if you wilfully blinded the young birds, this juice would still avail to restore their sight. Folk-lore goes even a step further with regard to swallows and eyes; for it is believed by country people that this celandine, or swallow-wort, may be applied to complaints of the human eye, and that a most excellent specific for all distempers of the eye is the flesh of a swallow when burnt to a cinder, and the ashes placed on the affected part. From the wild way in which the swallows are skimming over this cavernous Swallow-hole, one might be disposed to think that they were searching for a favourable spot whither they might go when they leave us after their six months' sojourn; for it has been believed that swallows disappear, both under the earth and under the water, where they huddle together, and with claws and beaks are fixed, as it were, into a ball, when, if taken up and duly warmed, they will unroll themselves and return to life. As yet, however, there are too many May-flies astir; and the swallows have not been long with us.

The Swallow-hole, at the bottom of which I am now standing, makes a great hollow in the steep slope of a grass field that is close to an extensive wood. It is a wood of hoar antiquity, for it is mentioned in Domesday, and was part of the Conqueror's gift to a near relative. On the fields that slope down from it to the valley are many aged oaks and hawthorns, evidently the remains of the ancient forest, a portion of which has been cleared for pasture. This Swallow-hole is about two hundred yards in circumference; its upper end has been utilised to receive the drainage from the boggy land; and there are two or three masses of stonework, in which are large spouts, from the mouths of which the water trickles. It falls into a stream that has worn a tortuous channel down the sharp slope of the cavity. Two fine trees overshadow its upper part, an ash and an oak. The ash is very late in leaf this year; its boughs still look wintry, and the green is only just bursting from the shining black buds. One of its large roots is scooped out, like a basin, by the action of the water that pours into it from above, and, overflowing, falls into a lower basin. A dozen yards lower down is a fine old antlered oak, covered with its bright, tender foliage of golden green. Its gnarled roots are anchored in the sloping bank, and some of them are stretched across the bed of the little stream, and help to break it up into mimic waterfalls, as it plashes down from stair to stair, and is lost in a thicket of hawthorns. Their snowy May-bloom is in contrast to the golden glories of the gorse-bushes on the slope of the bank, every bright blossom defended by its sharp shiny swords of green. Beneath the hawthorn thicket, the stream reappears glistening in the sun, and falls lower down between tufts of rank herbage, until it takes a final leap into a well-

hole. It is a dangerous place for sheep or cattle; for the rushes and weeds so cover the margin, that the hole is nearly concealed from view. Peering down, I see that this upright pit, some eight feet deep, leads to a stony cavern, where I note deep red stains on the rocks; and the stream passing over them, disappears to a still lower depth, and is lost to view. Such is the Swallow-hole, and now, as I climb the banks of its little amphitheatre, I find the grass studded with daisies, cowslips, late primroses, buttercups, blue speedwells, snowy stitchwort, and purple and light-pink orchids. A hare suddenly arises in an erect, listening posture; and then showing its scut, scampers away at full-speed.

In the next field is another Swallow-hole, covering a far larger area, and surrounded by many trees, among which I count seven oaks, eight ashes, three maples, and more than fifty old thorns. Standing down here below, and looking up through the slender avenue of hawthorns, between which the stream comes tripping and plunging, I see the interlacing boughs, the tracery of the shadows, and the intermingling of foliage and blossom. The air is heavy with the scent of the hawthorn—too heavy for me; for it is a sickly smell—or, as our rustics phrase it, it is "the smell of the Great Plague of London;" though I wonder how that tradition has been handed down to them, for we live a hundred miles from the Metropolis. But this smell of death is commonly associated with the hawthorn in the rural mind, and they will not take May-flowers into a sleeping room, lest the person therein slumbering should never awake, or only awake to some great misfortune. They have a proverb:—"If you sweep the house with the blossom'd broom of May, you'll be sure to sweep the head of the house away."

Let me get away from the sickly smell, though it is difficult to do so, where the old thorns are so profuse. Here is another Swallow-hole, much more rocky than the two we have just seen. It also lies in a depression on the hillside, with only one tree above it, a graceful birch, from beneath the roots of which the stream juts forth, and falls and splashes over great blocks of limestone, leaving many a brownish-red stain. There is a deposit of peroxide of iron; and, very probably, the water would be found—as said Sam Weller—to have "a very strong flavour o' warm flat irons"; which, as Mr. John Smauker contemptuously observed, "is the killibeate." The water has channelled its bed on the limestone rock, and you can safely descend some distance into the cavern, and see the stream falling and leaping from lower to lower cavern, until it is lost in darkness. Whither does it go? and where does it reappear? That is more than I can say; though the rustics tell me that pieces of marked wood, and other things, have been thrown in here and have reappeared floating out of a rock that is quite five miles distant. I am not able to say whether this is fact or fiction, or whether the experiment has been really tested. But I do know that this is not the only Swallow-hole that has harboured a fox. It was at this very spot, however, after a certain notable run, that Reynard, being hard pressed, suddenly jumped down into this cavern, and was quickly lost to view. The huntsman and whips had great difficulty in preventing the hounds from following him; and the proprietor of the clever little terrier, who usually attended the meets, declined to risk his favourite by turning him into those yawning caverns on the chance of bolting the fox. Perhaps he thought that the fate of his little dog would have been similar to that which befell the dog of Macdonald's piper, who boldly followed his master into a cave at Kiel, on the Mull of Cantire. But the piper was never seen again, though the skirl of his pipes was heard, and his voice crying "I doubt, I doubt, I'll ne'er win out!" But the little dog made his appearance out of another cave, six miles away, at Kilellan, and he was without his skin; and although his skin, in due time, came again, yet he was never heard to bark. I dare say that the fox in this swallow-hole did not penetrate very far, and came to earth again when all was quiet.

Two miles further away from here is another extensive wood, wherein are numerous Swallow-holes; and, as the wood is on a dead-level, these depressions in the surface are even more marked than those on the hillside. Here is one, evidently very deep, but so thickly overgrown with bushes and overhung by trees, that I cannot see down into it; though, far below me, I can hear the trickle of the water, as it falls from point to point, before its final disappearance. What a spot this would be for the concealment of a dead body! say, in an attack between gamekeepers and poachers; or in a murderous struggle between two poachers who had quarrelled over the division of their booty. I present the suggestion to sensational novelists, and pass on to a portion of the wood that was cleared of its dense undergrowth three years ago. Consequently, the oaks and other trees stand on a thick carpet of flowers of various colours, bravely lighted by the sun. The primroses still linger, though they are getting to look rather pale and washed-out; and here, too, is the cinque-spotted cowslip, whose fragrance, according to Shakespeare, lies in its "freckles"—the blue speedwell—the pretty wood-sorrel, with its delicate white blossom—the wild strawberry, with its small snowy roses—the blue violet that stays with us so much longer than its purple scented sister—the purple orchis, standing up gloriously in the sun, the "long purples" of poor Ophelia's garland, and to which our country children give the curious name "King's fingers"—the blueish purple of the common bugle, blossoming profusely in masses, so as to make large patches of colour—the delicate "silver-white" blossoms (as Shakespeare calls them) of the cuckoo flower, the lady's smock, though the children here (who seem to have special names for the wild flowers) call it "Lucy Locket"—the tender wood-anemones, still lingering—but, above all, the hyacinths. They are now in full bloom, in "sheets which seemed the heavens uplifted through the earth," as Tennyson says, and, though so frequently called "blue-bells," are totally distinct from the frail harebells. You may be sure that Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, and Tennyson never made such an error as to call the hyacinth a blue-bell. The handsome Hyacinthus, son of Amyclas, the Spartan King, was supposed to be turned into this lovely flower when he was accidentally shot by Apollo; but the "hyacinthine locks" of Milton and Homer refer, not to the dark colour of the hair, but to the curls, like the reflex leaves of the blossom.

Passing on through these beds of hyacinths, the odour of which is pleasantly perceptible, the sunlight, streaming through the trees, falls upon a dense blue bank of them, looking all the more beautiful from growing upon a slope. It is the slope of a Swallow-hole. Around it, among the trees, are nut-bushes, hazels, blackberries, white-leaved palms, and lovely green trails of honeysuckles and briar-roses, that, in another month, will be hung with blossoms. There are groups of large dock-leaves, a study for the painter—cow-parsnip, almost as artistic; and various grasses, tall and flowery, with that pretty variety that we call quaker, or totter, grass. There have been hemlocks, six to eight feet high; and their white, withered stems, with their candelabra-like umbels, stand straight up against the green and blue and varied masses of colour; while, above them, is a crab-tree, covered with blossoms of white and pink and crimson. I scramble down the side of the Swallow-hole, the dead hemlocks crackling under my feet, and almost tread on a hen-

pheasant, which rises quickly and sails straight away through the trees. Several gorgeous cock-pheasants have already been startled at my approach, and have flown away with their harsh cry, "Cock! cock!" in curious contrast with the delicious trills of the nightingales, who are singing "in full-throated ease" in all parts of the wood. I think of Mr. Briggs and his cock-pheasant that went off like a skyrocket and fireworks; and this hen, with her sudden springing from my feet, has startled me. But I know that her nest is near; and, there it is! though I should have passed it by; for, it is difficult to be seen, being as formless as that of the nightingale,—a mere scramble of dead leaves on which she has sat and laid her eggs. There they are—half a dozen of them—of pale olive brown, and scarcely to be distinguished from the withered leaves on which they lie.

What with the nightingales in full song, and the hyacinths in full bloom, there may be many less pleasant places to be in, on a sunny afternoon in May, than down in a Swallow-hole.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE HORSE SHOW.

Our Illustration of the Arab horses, with lady riders, in the Ring at one of the Horse Shows that have from time to time been held, in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, will find admirers, we trust, among the fair lovers of that noble animal and amateurs of the equestrian art. It is pleasant to see a good horsewoman mounted on a steed worthy of the charge he bears; and we remember how the authoress of "Our Home in Cyprus," Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, dwells upon the merits of "Bird-catcher," a thoroughbred white Arab that she brought from Malta, "very high-spirited, though gentle as a lamb. I rode," she says, "through every village and over every mountain on his back; and I need not say it nearly broke my heart when he came to an untimely end." In ascending Mount Olympus, the horse fell into a crevasse, with the lady beneath him, and was dragged out by her husband, Captain Scott-Stevenson. Mrs. Scott-Stevenson happily escaped with bruises and a sprained ankle, but had to finish her journey on a mule. We might also quote Miss Isabella Bird's agreeable narratives of her long rides in Japan, in the Rocky Mountain region of America, and in the Sandwich Islands; but she could scarcely have procured a thoroughbred horse of the Arab race. As a mere exercise in the Park, easy and skilful horsemanship is an elegant feminine accomplishment, which is practised by the ladies of England as successfully as by any of their sex in Europe.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Wedding March, composed for the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany and H.R.H. Princess Helen of Waldeck, by Charles Gounod (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). We have here an edition of the piece composed for the recent Royal Wedding, in its original form, for organ and three trombones. The march is a pleasing composition, in a graceful and melodious style; the closing portion introducing the air of the National Anthem, in chorale form, with altered rhythm, for the three trombones in unison, the organ being employed in a more florid under-current of harmony.

"Sarabande," minuet, and "Wedding Carol," for female (or boys') voices, from the incidental music to "Romeo and Juliet," composed by Sir J. Benedict. Messrs. Metzler and Co., have just issued these pleasing pieces, which have been recently interspersed in Shakespeare's love-tragedy. The carol is very flowing and melodious, mostly in two-part harmony, and the two dance pieces have much of the true antique and quaint grace.

Fantaisie Marziale, Morceau de Salon, by Lillie Albrecht (Duncan Davison and Co.), is a brilliant pianoforte piece, by the accomplished lady pianist, who knows how to write effectively for, as well as to play well on, the instrument. The principal theme is spirited, and is well contrasted by an episode (or trio) of a more cantabile character.

We can cordially recommend some recent publications of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. An "Andante," for the pianoforte (from Sonata No. 1), composed by E. A. Sydenham, is pleasing, and not difficult. A spirited march, entitled "Albany," by Gabriel Davis, will give satisfaction; while the vocal contributions, from the same house, come up to their usual standard; the most interesting being a sacred song, "Come unto me all ye that labour," by L. Horsley; "My Lady" (by the same composer), and "Only One," by W. H. S.

From the firm of Metzler and Co. we have some pleasing songs. "The Little Crossing Sweeper," by A. Carnall, is full of simple pathos. "In the Moonlight," by Lady Arthur Hill; "Shaking Grass," by A. M. Wakefield; "After Years," by A. C. Macleod; "For Aye," by O. Barri; "When all the World is Young," by J. M. Coward; and "In the Woods" and "April Song," by Georges Bizet, will be sure to find admirers. Among several agreeable instrumental pieces we may mention an effective arrangement, by B. Tours, for violin and piano, of "Yellow Jasmine," from "The Language of the Flowers," by F. H. Cowen, and "Chant des Matelots," caprice de concert, for the piano, by A. L'Estrange.

Of "Six Songs," by F. H. Cowen, all of a refined and tender character, we prefer the one called "Alas!" They are published by Mr. Joseph Williams; as are also "The Captain's Daughter," "More than all," and "May Moon," by Florian Pascal—easy and pleasing compositions.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. publish a transcription for the organ, by E. Cutler, of R. Schumann's Andante with variations for two pianos; also a Gavotte for the pianoforte by E. Cutler—both welcome contributions.

Messrs. Weekes and Co. send us four select pieces, arranged for the organ by J. C. Bridge, from compositions by Handel, Cramer, and Schumann; these will be found useful to organists. "La Blondine," valse; "La Brunette," mazurka; and a gavotte in G, are graceful contributions to the list of pianoforte pieces by B. Tours. From the same facile pen we have a piquant song, called "The Trysting Well." The following songs, from the same publisher, also deserve favourable mention:—"True as Gold," by A. J. Caldicott; "New Love, New Life," by D. Hume; "Dearest," by G. Belcher; and "The Lord is gracious," sacred song, by H. W. Little.

Some songs lately published by Messrs. Lamborn Cock and Co. deserve commendation. They are, "Ten Years Ago" and "Time passes on," by W. Maynard; "For Thee," by C. E. Timney; "I love but one fair face," by J. Hullah; and "I praised the earth in beauty seen," a sacred song, by J. Greenhill. Among some graceful pianoforte pieces from this firm may be mentioned "Chant du Pêcheur," by F. Berger.

Some pretty songs, from the house of Enoch and Sons, are before us—viz., "Ages Ago," by F. H. Cowen; "Weaving" and "Dreaming," by M. Wellings; "Day by Day" and "The Kingdom Blest," by Cotsford Dick.

"Songs for Little Singers," by H. K. Lewis (by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), will be a welcome and attractive addition to the juvenile repertory, the words being cheerful and healthy in tone and the melodies simple and rhythmical.



THE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: THE ARABS IN THE RING.

SEE PAGE 523.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

DIGESTION.

Professor Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S., gave the first of four lectures on Tuesday, the 16th inst. He began by considering the essential requirements of the food of animals, referring to the light which had been thrown upon the subject by the doctrine of the conservation of energy. He then passed rapidly under review the various groups of organic food-stuffs (proteids, fats and oils, and starches and sugars), and showed how directly or indirectly animals derive all these from the vegetable kingdom, which is the storehouse both of the matter and the energy which they require. Having defined digestion as the assemblage of processes whereby the constituents of food are rendered soluble, and are converted into bodies, which are capable of being absorbed, the lecturer proceeded to discuss the general plan of the organs engaged in secreting the digestive juices—the saliva, the gastric juice, and the pancreatic juice. He next sketched historically the growth of our knowledge of the arrangements of the secreting apparatus, particularly drawing attention to the researches of Johannes Müller and John Goodsir. In the concluding part of the lecture attention was directed to the essential nature of ferments, and to the characteristics of ferment action, a distinction being drawn between organised ferments, such as the yeast plant, and unorganised or soluble ferments, such as the inverting ferment secreted by the yeast-cell, and which possesses the power of decomposing (inverting) cane-sugar into dextrine and levulose. The latter ferment is the type of the ferment found in the alimentary juices. The Professor's remarks were illustrated by experiments.

THE ALKALINE METALS, &c.

Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., began his fifth lecture on Thursday, the 18th inst., by showing how sodium is dissolved in the gas ammonia under pressure, and how it returns to the metallic state when the pressure is removed. He then exhibited the remarkable variations in the spectra of the alkaline metals, the complexity changing with the temperature, termed "harmonic variation." Remarks were then made on the hypothetical metal ammonium, only found in combination with mercury, and termed an amalgam, although it differs from such in being compressible, and in otherwise behaving like a gas. Reference was then made to various specimens of the salts and other compounds of calcium, strontium, and barium, the crude materials from which those metals are obtained. The peculiar properties of these metals having been illustrated, an account was given of the processes of the great alkali manufacture. The old Leblanc system, according to which carbonate of soda and other salts are produced from common salt, by a series of changes, was first described. This was followed by the newer "direct" process, which dispenses with expensive plant and avoids much injurious waste. By this mode crystals were produced in the lecture-room. As this method is costly, through the expense of the ammonia, an essential agent, attempts have been made to revive the Leblanc process, by obtaining from the waste sulphide of lime materials required for the alkali manufacture. Experimental illustrations were then given of the properties of various compounds of calcium or lime; and the use of the solution of soap as a delicate test for the amount of carbonate of lime in water was illustrated.

MAKING AND WORKING OF A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, F.R.S., gave the discourse at the evening meeting on Friday, the 19th instant. After some introductory remarks on the difficulties connected with the construction of tunnels in general, he commented on the absence of some of them in respect to the proposed channel tunnel between England and France, such as the short distance, good stratification (the grey chalk being easily worked, stable, and practically watertight). He explained how the cutting might be readily effected by machinery receiving its motive-power from above, and how the excavated matter might be conveniently removed by a succession of trains worked by compressed air, and thence raised by winding engines. He expressed his opinion that a good cylindrical tunnel would not require the erection of heavy timbering for the temporary lining. Construction with firm concrete blocks would be sufficient. In some remarks on the excavation, ventilation, and economy of the St. Gotthard tunnel, he said that the position of the Channel tunnel was highly superior. Sir Frederick next proceeded to consider the various modes available for working railways in a tunnel; and commented successively on the ordinary locomotive (objectionable principally on account of ventilation), the fireless locomotive, and Siemens' improved one of the same kind, ropes, the pneumatic system, electricity, and, finally, compressed air—which last, having been tested by experience, he said, commended itself to his judgment as the best adapted for the purpose. In conclusion, he described in detail an efficient arrangement for the prevention of smuggling, and for the summary capture of a hardy gang of smugglers, even if they succeeded in filling a whole train.

DEFINITIONS OF POETRY.

Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh, gave the first of a course of four lectures on Poetry and its Literary Forms on Saturday last, the 20th instant. He began by commenting on some of the many definitions—including that of Wordsworth (who says, "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity"), Shelley, Matthew Arnold, and John Stuart Mill, who expounded Wordsworth's definition with much scientific precision. Professor Masson did not consider any of these adequate to express the theory of poetry; and resorted to Aristotle and Bacon, who both wrote discourses on poetry. The former makes poetry one of the imitative arts, and descends on its superiority over the others in dealing with articulate speech regulated by rhythm and metre—an art perfected by study and development. Bacon, on the contrary, dividing the faculties of man into memory, reason, and imagination, allots history to the first science and philosophy to the second, and poetry to the last. Poetry he compares to feigned history, of which he maintains the great use is satisfying the demands of the human mind more fully than real history, which is less agreeable in regard to morality and other points. He makes poetry to be creation or imagination. The very word poet, which signifies "maker," is as old as the art; and poets were called "makers" in Britain in the Middle Ages. Professor Masson suggested a compromise between Aristotle and Bacon; and summed up in Shakespeare's immortal definition:—

The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Professor Masson then defined the imagination to be a mode of thinking which consists in turning that which is impalpable into visibility, and in translating mere feelings into shapes, visions, or phantasms. After commenting on the diverse resources of the memory as material for cogitation, the mental stock of each person, on which he can work, the lecturer concluded with remarks on the unwritten poetry of dreams.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELF-HELP.

At the centenary festival of the Clare Market Public Dispensary, last week, £400 was contributed in aid of the funds.

A concert in favour of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum Corporation was given last Saturday night at St. James's Hall.

The biennial festival of the Finsbury Dispensary was held yesterday week at the Albion, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The subscriptions reached £700.

A dinner in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital was held in the hall of the Inner Temple yesterday week, Mr. O. Coope, M.P., in the chair; the subscriptions being £3123.

The annual dinner in aid of the funds of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Paralysis, Soho-square, will take place at Willis's Rooms on Friday, June 16, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The list of stewards is a most influential one, embracing the names of many well-known philanthropists.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress will hold a Rose Show on June 29, at the Mansion House, in aid of the proposed Scarlet Fever Convalescent Home, and of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children, Waterloo-bridge-road. The exhibition will consist of 10,000 roses, from the gardens of the principal growers. There will also be an exhibition by amateur growers.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided yesterday week at a drawing-room meeting held at 37, Wimpole-street, by permission of Mrs. Jeune, in aid of the work of providing high-class musical entertainments for the industrial population. The report of the committee stated that concerts held in the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, had been largely attended. Resolutions in favour of the work and promising support were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Mundella, M.P. presided at the annual meeting of the Church Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution, which was held last Saturday. The right hon. gentleman expressed his gratification that the National Society's teachers were doing so much to help themselves, and he was glad to know that now, not only was education more appreciated, but teachers were better remunerated than was the case some years ago.

A sermon was preached on Sunday morning at St. Peter's, South Kensington, by the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, the Vicar, in aid of the funds for maintaining the New Extension Building of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, which will accommodate 137 additional beds, and will be opened next month. There was a collection of more than £100.—The Earl of Derby, President of the Corporation, took the chair at the annual court of governors on Thursday.

The twenty-eighth anniversary festival of the Royal Hospital for Incurables was held at the Albion Hotel on the 18th inst. The hospital is situated at West-hill, Putney-heath. There are now 180 inmates, and there is room for eighty more. Besides these, there is a large number of out-patients, and these, within a certain radius of London, are constantly visited and full inquiry made into their condition to prevent imposture. Donations and subscriptions were announced to upwards of £3250.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution was held last week at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Hankey, M.P. The report of the committee gave a satisfactory and encouraging statement of the progress of the institution. Last year the committee gave in pensions and temporary relief more than £1200, and invested moneys which brought up the capital invested—including the asylum fund—to close upon £20,000, leaving over £195 in the hands of the treasurer.

With the warm weather come longings for the country and seaside. At least 700 little ones connected with the St. Giles's Christian Mission Sunday Schools are most anxiously anticipating their annual summer day's ramble amidst fresh air, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers. Many of the poor children are sadly neglected, and are crowded together, all the year round, amidst the pestilential atmosphere of the courts and alleys of Drury-lane and St. Giles's. It would be quite a calamity if they were debarred one day's enjoyment in the year outside our busy smoky city. Donations may be forwarded to Mr. Chapman, honorary superintendent, 1, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn; to Mr. Geo. Hatton (superintendent of the mission), 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square, W.C.; or to the bankers, Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard-street.

The fifty-fifth anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, which is situated in the Old Kent-road, the annual outlay of which is £8000, mainly raised by voluntary contributions, was held last week at the Crystal Palace. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Hoare, of the firm of Messrs. Hoare and Co., and the company numbered upwards of 1000. The chairman, in proposing the toast of "Prosperity to the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum," said that the institution, which was established in 1827, for the purpose of providing a comfortable home for distressed members of the trade and their wives and widows, had been attended throughout with signal success. It was, he said, the pride of the institution that it provided a pension for every one of its inmates; and he gave a detailed account of its doings and prosperous condition. On account of many substantial improvements which would have to be carried out during the coming year, the amount required would be larger than that for previous years. He earnestly entreated, therefore, all those present and the members of the trade generally to become subscribers. The secretary then read the list of subscriptions and donations received, which, including gifts of £100 and £500 from the chairman and Messrs. Hoare and Co. respectively, gave a grand total of £6500.

The annual meeting of the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf on the German, or pure oral system, was held at the training college, Castlebar-hill, Ealing, on the 17th inst., General Cotton, C.S.I., in the chair. The report spoke of the rapid spread of the system of teaching the deaf by means of speech in foreign countries, in our colonies, and now in Great Britain itself. The success of the training college had necessitated removal to larger premises. These would require alteration, and must be purchased, for which purpose a special fund had been opened, and an urgent appeal was made to increase the amount. After the meeting the large general company, who had assembled in the beautiful grounds of the college to the number of 200 to 300, visited the school-room and witnessed the mode of teaching and the progress of the pupils.—On the same day the annual soirée of the South and East London districts, in connection with the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, took place in St. Mary's School-room, St. Mary-street, Whitechapel, under the presidency of the Rev. Arthur J. Robinson, Rector of St. Mary's Whitechapel. After tea addresses were delivered, which were interpreted to the deaf and dumb. The evening's entertainment concluded with amusements. The Rev. Charles Rhind, Chaplain of the association, has charge of these two districts, in which there are upwards of 600 deaf and dumb persons.

NOVELS.

Injustice is very often done to a novel, or rather to its author, by treating it less as a work of art, to be studied and understood before it can be appreciated, than as a plaything to be cast aside with disgust, if it should fail to supply at the very first the amusement expected from it; and *Trascaden Hall*: by Major-General W. G. Hamley (William Blackwood and Sons), is a novel likely to suffer from such injustice. Some time elapses before the story becomes interesting, but all the while the ground is being very carefully prepared, and certain characters, necessary for the development of the story, are being very cleverly and minutely delineated. Unfortunately, there is nothing very striking, attractive, or piquant about the characters, and there is nothing at all exciting about the incidents introduced for the purpose of illustrating them, so that the reader is in danger of growing weary and of relinquishing the task of perusal before the author's recondite studies of human nature have been properly apprehended and have begun, consequently, to produce their legitimate effect. Slow, in fact, is the epithet which would most fitly describe the greater part of the first volume, notwithstanding the skill with which the external and internal characteristics of many diverse personages are set forth; and it seems right, therefore, to warn impulsive readers not to be easily discouraged. The story has to do with the alienation and restoration of property; and property is always an interesting subject. Very early in the first volume there is a scene in which an invalid, a lady, explains to her two nearest relations—for the sake, of course, of informing the reader—how badly her husband's brother and family had behaved in bringing about her marriage for their own pecuniary advantage. She, therefore, as a Christian would; determines that none of that family shall benefit by her death, that she will leave her fortune to her husband should he survive her, for the remainder of his natural life, there being no animosity, but, on the contrary, the greatest affection between them personally, but that her possessions shall after his death go to her own representatives. Woman, however, proposes, and a higher power disposes; she is carried off before she can execute, or before she does execute, her purpose, confiding to her husband the duty of seeing that her intentions, contained in a packet of memoranda, are fulfilled, and he, being a passably honourable but totally weak gentleman, and having a brother who has no honourable scruples but great force of character, of course fails to perform his promise. So the property drops into hands that were never meant to touch it; and how it gets back, as it were, partly if not entirely, to its original possessors is the principal purpose of the tale to show. The date of the story is the reign of George the Third, which was rich in naval and military exploits; so that the love affairs, without which a romantic restoration of lost estates is not to be contemplated by a novelist, are diversified by an intermixture of warlike matters. And, when the author is a soldier, such an intermixture is peculiarly appropriate and has the best possible chance of being appropriately treated.

Lovers of what is horrible, terrible, extraordinary, and weird, described with singularly vivid power, will find in *Prince Saroni's Wife, and Other Stories*: by Julian Hawthorne (Chatto and Windus), a collection of short narratives eminently adapted to their taste and calculated to extort their admiration. In the majority of the tales murder is the fundamental theme; or, perhaps, love, passionate love, may be the fundamental theme, and murder is the outcome, the culmination. Pleasant reading the contents of the two volumes decidedly are not; thrilling and impressive, however, they may be, according to the reader's constitutional temperament. American and Italian colouring is conspicuous; and an Italian, a woman, is the principal figure in the most ingenious and not the least ghastly story of the whole number. There is but one bright, amusing tale, and that is the last; even that promises, almost to the very end, to conclude in a manner more dreadful and sanguinary than any other, and, though the fearful anticipation is unrealised, it produces a state of mind unfavourable for full enjoyment of the humour displayed in the portrait of the American advertising and negotiating agent and in several happily constructed situations. Upon one point a question arises relating to bad art. The author, for instance, writing in the first person, sometimes tells the reader what the personages depicted in the stories are doing, sometimes requires to be informed by those personages; this is clearly absurd. It was as open to the author to be present at the murder of Prince Saroni's wife as at the passionate love-passages between the Prince and the woman he loved. For it must be understood that in neither case is the author present with the cognisance of the fictitious personages, and his assumption of ignorance at one time and of knowledge, without any more reason, at another has a ludicrous effect.

Money, love, and marriage are usually the chief topics to be dealt with in novels; and *The Freres*: by Mrs. Alexander (Richard Bentley and Son), is no exception to the rule. It would be a pleasant change, perhaps, if a new and original line could be struck out; but in the meanwhile "The Freres" may be accepted as a good specimen of the old and still prevalent style. We have a very charming heroine, who is conducted through various trials to a most satisfactory state of life; and we have divers characters sketched with much skill, grace, and quiet humour, as well as sundry places, situations, and incidents described with freshness and vigour. Perhaps the first of the three volumes is a little tedious; for the well-born but impoverished family reduced to living in dingy lodgings is a somewhat hackneyed theme, and we are more than a little familiar with the dealings and language of the ordinary landlady, who, though human, and even humane, is somewhat jealous, testy, suspicious, and regardless of "the bill." Nor do we now for the first time make the acquaintance of the young scapegrace, the mother's darling, whose extravagance, weakness, and even criminal behaviour bring trouble upon his relatives; nor of the peerless sister who is a mother both to him and to the rest of her family, including the titular mother; nor of the devoted henchman, the ancient servitor and friend, who, being an Irishman, sacrifices himself in the most touching and, at the same time, the most amusing manner, for the sake of those whom he loves and respects, and to whom he considers himself bound by the ties of gratitude. When, however, the author takes us away to Saxony and introduces us to German society, the story becomes more interesting, the scenes are invested with the charm of novelty, and, although the style of writing is occasionally suggestive of a lesson, a very elementary lesson, in the German language, a piquant and agreeable study of persons and manners is presented, and the reader is carried easily and pleasantly along to a pretty comfortable conclusion. It is a little hard, however, that the pearl of heroines should be transported to Australia, and that her unselfish slave, the Irish henchman, should be left lamenting in the lonely, forsaken condition which is too often in this world the fate of the most affectionate and least selfish natures. It is not the heroine's fault, however; let that be clearly understood.

ADVANCED PHARMACY.

LACTOPEPTINE, AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

NOT A SECRET REMEDY—FORMULA STATED ON EACH BOTTLE.

ITS GENUINENESS AND PURITY CERTIFIED BY THE HIGHEST CHEMICAL AND MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

The most serious outcome of modern social life is the prevalence of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. No one is altogether free from one or other of the manifold forms in which this scourge attacks the human body, and no dietetic rules can be framed which would insure deliverance from the insidious attacks of this foe. There is no age and no condition of life exempt from its assaults. Its tortures are as certain to get hold of us as that we live. The extended use and adoption of Lactopeptine by the Medical Profession affords indisputable evidence that its therapeutic value has been thoroughly established in cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Impoverished Blood, General Debility, Intestinal and Wasting Diseases of Children, Chronic Diarrhoea, Constipation, Headache, Nausea, and in every description of stomach ailment or disease, and even where all other known remedies have failed and proved ineffectual. One of the chief features of Lactopeptine (and the one which must gain it a preference over all digestive remedies) is, that it precisely represents in composition the natural digestive juices of the stomach, pancreas, and salivary glands, and will therefore readily dissolve all foods.

From "Retrospect of Practical Medicine and Surgery," July, 1877.

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"We have in this preparation, we believe, the only perfect digestive remedy that can be produced, for it supplies those deficient natural elements that are required to perfectly digest food, and the digestive organs are soon restored to their normal condition."

Professor ATTFIELD, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.I.C., F.C.S.,

PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY TO THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN, REPORTS AS FOLLOWS:—

"London, May 3, 1882.

"Lactopeptine having been prescribed for some of my friends, during the past five years—apparently with very satisfactory results—its formula, which is stated on the bottles, and its general characters, have become well known to me. But recently the Manufacturer of this article has asked me to witness its preparation on the large scale, to take samples of its ingredients from large bulks and examine them and also mix them myself, and to prepare Lactopeptine from ingredients made under my own direction; doing all this with the object of certifying that Lactopeptine is what its maker professes it to be, and that its ingredients are in quality the best that can be obtained. This I have done, and I now report that the almost inodorous and tasteless pulverulent substance termed Lactopeptine is a mixture of the three chief agents which enable ourselves and all animals to digest food—that is to say, Lactopeptine is a skilfully-prepared combination

of MEAT-CONVERTING, FAT-CONVERTING, and STARCH-CONVERTING materials, acidified with those small proportions of the acids that are always present in the healthy stomach; all being disseminated in an appropriate vehicle—namely, powdered sugar of milk. The acids used at the factory—lactic and hydrochloric—are the best to be met with, and are perfectly combined to form a permanent preparation; the milk sugar is absolutely pure; the powder known as 'diastase' or starch-digesting (bread, potato, and pastry-digesting) material, as well as the 'pancreatin,' or fat-digesting ingredients, are as good as any I can prepare; while the pepsin is much superior to that ordinarily used in medicine. Indeed, as regards this chief ingredient—pepsin—I have only met with one European or American specimen equal to that made and used by the manufacturer of Lactopeptine. A perfectly parallel series of experiments showed that

Of the many complaints in which Lactopeptine has shown most prompt and decided success none have been more quickly relieved than the various forms of headache, including nervous and sick headache; and it is safe to say, that nine cases out of ten of this distressing complaint are due to inactive or sluggish liver, with constipated bowels. A few doses of Lactopeptine soon restore these organs to their proper functions, and the headache ceases. In the same manner they relieve all forms of biliousness, such as dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, pain in the side, sallow skin, &c. A dose taken immediately after eating causes the process of digestion to begin at once, prevents dyspepsia and indigestion, with sour rising of food from the stomach, and relieves the distress caused by too hearty eating.

Every person suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any symptom of a "Stomach out of Order" should send for a Pamphlet respecting the positive cure by the use of Lactopeptine, and read the cases and letters from Medical Men in every part of the world, showing results in practice. More than 1000 Doctors, 10,000 Chemists, the entire Medical Press have certified as to the remarkable efficacy of Lactopeptine. It is rational in the theory of its action, and cures all disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Lactopeptine can be obtained of all Chemists, and may also be sent by post to any address on receipt of 4s. 6d. Each Bottle contains forty-eight 10-grain doses. It is agreeable to the taste, and may be taken in either wine or water, after meals.

Copy of Letter signed by leading Chemists and Druggists, throughout the country:—"The undersigned, Wholesale Druggists and Dealers in Medicines, have pleasure in stating that we have sold the Lactopeptine since its introduction, and find it to be an article of increasing sale and reputation."

FOR WANT OF SPACE A FEW ONLY ARE GIVEN.

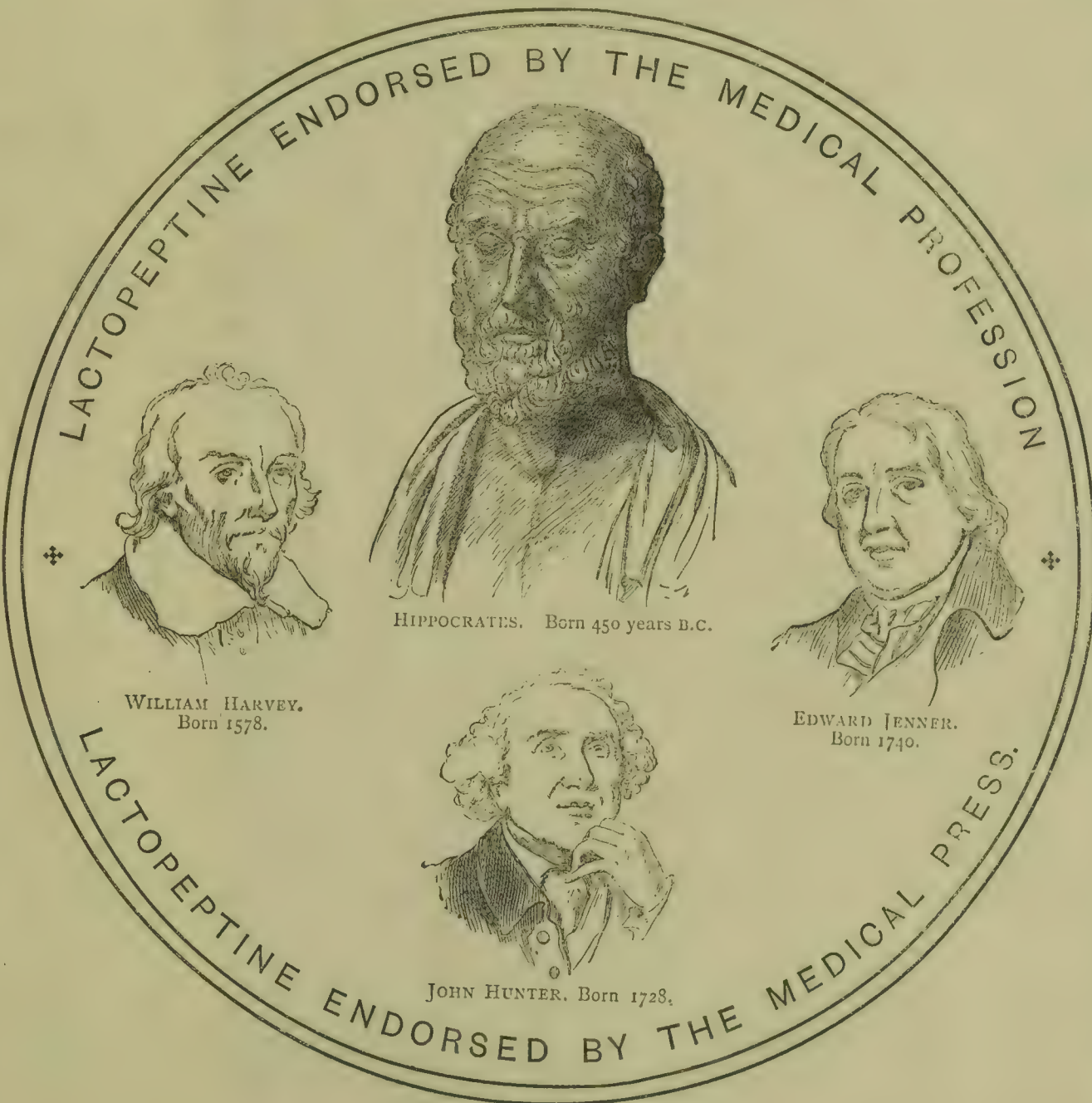
James Wooley, Sons, and Co.; William Mather, Manchester; Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Hirst, Brook, Hamilton, Long, and Co. (Lim.), Dublin; Anderson and Adams, Dublin; Boileau and Boyd, Dublin; W. Webb, Manager, Apothecaries' Hall, Dublin; W. and R. Hatrick and Co., Glasgow; Brown Brothers and Co., Glasgow; Glasgow Apothecary Company, Glasgow; Glasgow New Apothecary Company, Glasgow; Michael Rogerson and Son, Bradford; Wm. King, Huddersfield; Bradley and Bliss, Reading; Wyleys and Co., Coventry and London; Nathl. Smith and Co., Cheltenham; Evans, Gadd, and Co., Exeter; Francis Earle, Hull; Davies and Hughes, Bath; Fredk. Clifton, Brighton; W. Procter and Son, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Glaisyer and Kemp, Derby; Thomas H. Cruse, Southsea; Thomas R. Lester, Cork; John Thompson, Liverpool; Fleeming and Son, Wolverhampton; Jno. Johns and Co., Southampton; Grattan and Co., Belfast; W. and H. M. Goulding, Cork; Hempstead and Co., St. Leonard's; Clark and Pinkerton, Edinburgh; Raimes and Co., Edinburgh; York, and Liverpool; Jas. Sim and Co., Aberdeen; Wm. Foggitt, Thirsk; John McGuffie and Co., Liverpool; Jas. McCormick, Castlederg, Ireland; John Saville, York; Saml. Jas. Coley, Stroud, &c., &c.

We have also the pleasure to refer to any of the London Wholesale Druggists and Medicine Houses, among whom may be mentioned—

Apothecaries' Hall; General Apothecaries' Company; Allen and Hanburys; Ashton and Parsons; J. Bell and Co.; Barron, Harveys, and Co.; Barclay and Sons; Burgoyne and Co.; Bais Brothers and Co.; Barron, Squire, and Co.; Battley and Watts; Burgess, Willow, and Francis; Curling and Co.; Corbyn and Co.; Davy, Yates, and Routledge; W. Edwards and Son; Evans, Lescher, and Webb; Gabriel and Troke; Gale and Co.; Hodgkinsons, Stead, and Treacher; Herrings and Co.; Hodgkinsons, Preston, and King; Heaton, Squire, and Francis; Hopkin and Williams; Horner and Sons; C. J. Hewlett and Sons; A. S. Hill and Son; R. Hovenden and Sons; Langton, Eddien, Hicks, and Clark; Lynch and Co.; Maw, Son, and Thompson; R. H. Millard and Sons; May, Roberts, and Co.; Newbery and Sons; Sanger and Sons; Savory and Moore; W. Sutton and Co.; J. C. Thompson (Lim.); Wright, Layman, and Umney; C. H. Warner and Co.; &c., &c.

And to the principal Continental, Colonial, and Indian Firms, all of whom supply the genuine Lactopeptine.

Lactopeptine is prepared only by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Manufacturing Chemist, Laboratory, Great Russell-street, London.

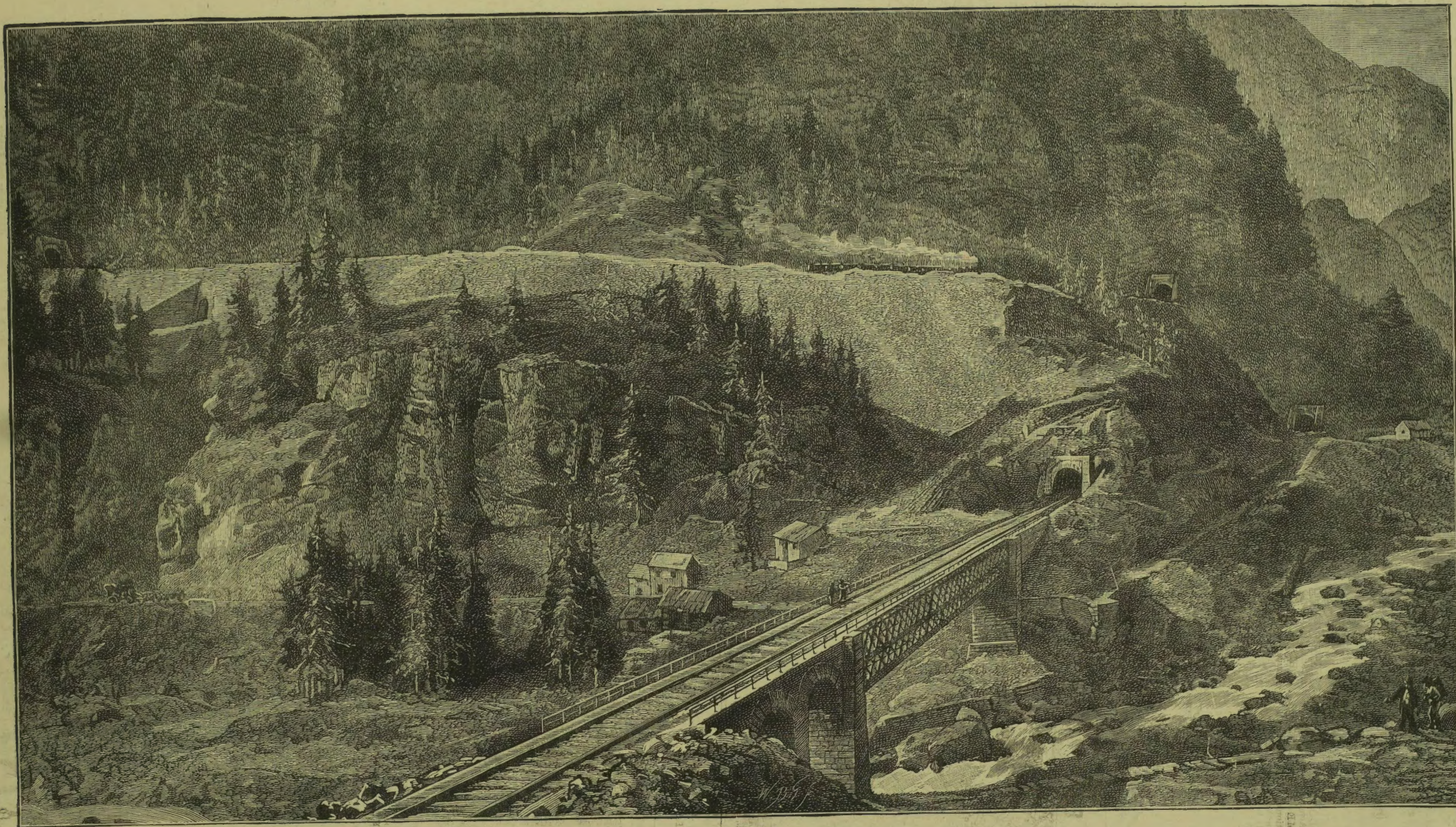


any given weight of acidified pepsin alone at first acts somewhat more rapidly than Lactopeptine containing the same weight of the same pepsin. Sooner or later, however, the action of the Lactopeptine overtakes and outstrips that of pepsin alone—due, no doubt, to the meat-digesting, as well as fat-digesting, power of the pancreatin contained in the Lactopeptine. My conclusion is that Lactopeptine is a most valuable digesting agent, and superior to pepsin alone.

JOHN ATTFIELD."

Lactopeptine wholly supersedes the administration of purgatives—salts, cathartic or aerated waters. It reduces the labour required from the stomach; gives it, when weak, the necessary period for repose and recuperation; and enables it to carry out its natural operations without impairing any function. Lactopeptine never fails to bring about the digestion of food in a manner perfectly identical to that obtained under the influence of the natural gastric juices, and enable the process of digestion to be completed without straining the power of the stomach. It also restores the deranged and torpid liver to its normal condition and healthful action; removes and prevents Constipation by securing a natural and regular action of the bowels, and relieves those unpleasant symptoms which attend a diseased or morbid condition of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels.

Lactopeptine is not purgative or relaxing in its effect. Many persons have a wrong idea of this medicine, and suppose it has not had its proper result unless a violent purge and action of the bowels immediately follow a dose. Medicines which violently purge, simply pass out of the system, usually leave the bowels constipated, seldom remove the cause of trouble, or improve the general health.



OPENING OF THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY: TUNNELS AND ZIGZAG NEAR MONTE PIOTTINO.

The international festivities, Swiss, Italian, and German, to celebrate the completion of the great Alpine tunnel and opening of the railway through the St. Gothard, have occupied four days this week, beginning on Sunday with the arrival of the first train, at Lucerne, which had passed through the St. Gothard Tunnel, bringing the Italian guests. Among these were eight members of the Italian Cabinet, nine of the Senatorial Bureau, and fifteen of the Chamber of Deputies; the Italian visitors included Count Ticino, Chevalier Minghetti, General Menabrea, and Signor Cairoli. The second train, from the opposite direction, brought the German and Swiss guests. Among the former were Herren Bitter, Von Boetticher, Von Puttkammer, and other members of the German Federal Council; Dr. Lasker, Dr. Dellbrück, representatives of all the German State railways, and the three Presidents of the German Reichstag. Among the Swiss were Herr Bavier, the President of the Republic, and all the members of the Swiss Federal Council. In all, six hundred and fifty guests had been invited, being three hundred Italians, two hundred Swiss, and

one hundred and fifty Germans. Great preparations had been made at Lucerne to honour the achievement of this grand engineering work. The quays, the bridge, the streets, and the approach to the station were profusely decorated with garlands and flags. The colours of the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland predominated, but many Italian and German flags were displayed. The trains arrived at the station amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the inhabitants, the roar of cannon which woke the echoes of the hills, and the playing of military bands. On Monday, there were excursions on the Lake of Lucerne, and to the summit of the Righi; the President of the Swiss Republic held an official reception; and the guests were entertained with a grand banquet at the Schweizerhof; there was also a brilliant display of fireworks.

The construction of the St. Gothard Railway was begun eleven years ago. The principal tunnel under the Kastelhorn was pierced from Göschenen to Airolo by Feb. 29, 1880; but it has required more than two years to complete the minor works, so as to enable

ordinary traffic to proceed without interruption from the Swiss to the Italian side of the mountains.

The original capital of the St. Gothard Railway Company was £4,000,000, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland each raising one third of the amount. It is understood that the actual cost of the works has exceeded the sum by at least one half. The primary surveys were made and the line of the tunnel laid out by M. Gelpke, and from time to time the enterprise has been under the control of MM. Gevrig, Hellweg, and Bridel. The contract was taken in the spring of 1872 by M. Louis Favre, of Geneva, who died about three years ago. The principal work is a tunnel of nine miles and 468 yards, of a maximum width of 26 feet 3 inches, and a height to the crown of the arch of 19 feet 8 inches. At Göschenen the rails are, according to M. Ethelston's survey, 3638 feet above the sea, and at Airolo 3756 feet, or a difference of 118 feet between the Swiss and Italian ends of the tunnel, which runs nearly due north and south. The well-known Devil's Bridge, on the St. Gothard road, and the

western boundary of the village of Andermatt, are almost exactly above it. The culminating point of the mountain range under which the tunnel is run is 9387 ft. above the sea. This point occurs at a distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Göschenen end, and is 4600 ft. above the level of the rails. The gradient of the tunnel changes from an ascent to a descent at a distance of 437 yards to the north of the centre, the gradient on the Swiss side being at the rate of 1 in 171·82. Afterwards there is a fall at the rate of 1 in 2000 for about three eighths of the distance, and 1 in 500 for the remaining five eighths of the course from the central change to the Airolo end. The great tunnel is, however, only one of several, there being, in the twenty miles of which the line through the mountain chain consists, several smaller ones three or four miles long, as well as many galleries and bridge-like cuttings. Our illustrations this week are views of the viaduct over the Rohrbach, between Wasen and Göschenen, the bridge and tunnel at Wasen, and the tunnels and lines, on different ascending levels, near Monte Piottino.

VIEWS OF LEICESTER.

The ancient town of Leicester, which next Monday will be visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, upon the occasion of opening the Abbey Park, newly created for the recreation of the people, is a place of some renown in the history of this country. There is a mythical tradition that it was once the abode of the British King Lear, or Leir, and his three daughters, whose story is preserved and exalted to the highest poetic interest by Shakspeare's immortal tragedy. What is far more certain is the opinion of topographical antiquaries that this place was the important Roman military station of *Ratae*, with a Roman town noticed by several writers for its stately mansions and temples, some remains of which have been discovered. A piece of old wall, commonly called the Jewry Wall, twenty-five yards in length and fifteen or eighteen feet high, with arched recesses, built of stone, but turned with a layer of flat bricks, is considered to be of Roman masonry; and there are some fragments of tessellated pavement. Leicester is near the Foss, one of the main roads which the Romans constructed through Britain; and a Roman milestone, bearing the name of the Emperor Trajan, with the notification that it was three miles to *Ratae*, has been removed from its position on that road to the Museum of the Leicester Archaeological Society. The name also of the *Rhedagna*, the Roman race-course for charioteers, is traceable in that of the *Rawdykes*, a place near the junction of the Burton railway with the main line of the Midland Company. It is said that *Ratae* contained a famous subterranean temple of the two-faced Janus, some remnants of which may possibly exist still underground. The town stands on the banks of the Soar, a small river which is commemorated, with its tributary stream, in the following lines of Drayton's "Polyolbion":—

Thus, with her handmaid Sence, the Soar doth easily slide
By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
Demolished many years, that of the great foundation
Of her long-buried walls men hardly see the station;
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement locks
The stones, that they remain like perdurable rocks.

Under the Saxon Kings of Mercia, Leicester was the seat of a powerful Earldom, but was, in the wars between the Danes and Saxons, exposed to become the theatre of conflict; and its resistance, at a later period, to William the Norman, brought more carnage and havoc to the town. In 1173, it was almost destroyed, in consequence of the disaffection of the Earl of Leicester to the Plantagenet King; and its Castle, together with that of Groby, a few miles distant, was nearly razed to the ground. Leicester Castle was rebuilt, however, in the next century, by Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, and was enlarged, at a later date, by the addition of the New Work or Newark as it is called, which is connected by a turret gateway with the courtyard surrounding the Mount, anciently the Castle Keep. This is entered from Oxford-street, by a gateway which is called the Magazine from the arms of the trainbands having been usually kept in the gatehouse. There are remains in the Castle of a fine old hall, the roof of which was supported by two rows of oaken pillars with carved capitals, 30 ft. high. On the north side of the Newark is Trinity Hospital, an almshouse for one hundred "poor and weak men," erected by Henry of Lancaster in the fourteenth century, but the modern front of the building is of the Georgian era. In the chapel here is a monument to Mary de Bohun, the first wife of Henry IV. The oldest church in the town is that dedicated to St. Nicholas, which is partly constructed of bricks and stones taken from the Roman city wall; but the Church of St. Mary de Castro, with its Norman chancel and a porch and other features of that style, the later portions being from Early English to Perpendicular, has more architectural interest. St. Margaret's, chiefly of Perpendicular Gothic, with a lofty embattled tower, above 100 ft. high, occupies the site of the ancient Saxon Cathedral, which was removed to Dorchester (the small place of that name in Oxfordshire), and afterwards to Lincoln.

Leicester Abbey was founded in 1143 by Robert Le Bossu, the humpbacked Earl of Leicester, as a monastery of Black Canons; and was further endowed by his daughter-in-law, Petronilla, who gave a long plaited tress of her hair for a rope to suspend the lamp in the chapel. The Abbey grew rich, and was enabled to offer splendid entertainments to Kings and Princes travelling this way; but, in 1530, here came the ruined favourite of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, a helpless invalid, on his road from York to London; and here he died. It is always worth while to borrow a bit of Shakspeare:—

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words: "Oh, Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the sorrows of state,
I come to lay his weary bones among you;
Give him a little earth, for charity!"
So went to bed, when eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this:
About the hour of eight, when he himself
Foretold should be his last—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

All that is now left to be seen of the buildings of Leicester Abbey, on the bank of the Soar opposite to the Ashby-de-la-Zouch road, north of the town, is the gateway and some walls of the Abbey precinct; but this ground has now been converted into the new Abbey Park, of which we give some illustrations.

The Townhall of Leicester is a building of the Elizabethan period, which was opened, in 1588, with a grand banquet of special rejoicing for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. There is here a large room, or hall, in which the Corpus Christi Guild of Leicester used to hold its meetings, and which contains some historical portraits, among them one of the Earl of Huntingdon, painted in 1623. The Mayor's parlour is adorned with windows of stained glass as old as the time of Henry VII., and with curious old wood-carving. There were, not long ago, several houses of that old date in Leicester, one being the Blue Boar tavern, where Richard III. slept before the battle of Bosworth; he was, a day or two afterwards, brought back to this town a dead man for burial. Of the charitable institutions of Leicester, belonging to the olden time, the most conspicuous is Wyggeston's Hospital, founded in 1513, and rebuilt some years since. Leicester was besieged in 1645, during the Civil Wars, when it held out against Charles I. The modern town is fairly prosperous, by its stocking-weaving, shoe-making, and other useful industries. It will be made very gay, next week, by the festivities attending the Royal visit, for which great preparations are in hand.

A meeting of the Irish Judges was held in Dublin on the 18th inst., to consider the provision in the bill now before Parliament to try prisoners by a Commission of three Judges without a jury. Several of the Judges expressed themselves in opposition to the suspension of trial by jury.

A ballot at the Reform Club took place on the 18th inst., when the resolution, moved by Lord Hartington and seconded by Mr. Bright, declaring it to be desirable that the election of members should be conducted by a committee instead of by a ballot, as heretofore, was rejected by 382 votes to 361.

MARRIAGE LORE OF THE MONTHS.

From time immemorial there has been a deep-rooted conviction in our own and other countries that certain seasons of the year are more propitious for entering on the state of matrimony than others. However fanciful this piece of superstition may appear, it has exerted a strong influence over all classes of society, and still retains its hold. Thus, for instance, a violent antipathy has always prevailed with regard to the month of May, which is generally considered the most unlucky season for marriage. This superstitious notion may be traced back eighteen centuries ago up to the time of Ovid, who speaks of the Roman objection to marriage in this month.

Nec vidue tuedis eadem, nec virginis apta
Tempora. Quae nupsit n. n. diuturna fuit.
Hac quoque de causa, si te proverbiala tanguit,
Mense malas maio nubere vultus ait.

The last line, it may be remembered, has an historic value as having been fixed upon the gates of Holyrood Palace on the morning of the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to Bothwell (May 16). Hence numerous old adages have clustered round the month of May, all of which denounce its ominous character. According to a well-known proverb—

Marry in May,
And you'll rue the day.

Or, as they say in the North of England:—

Marry in May,
Rue for aye.

And again, another saying informs us how—

From the marriages in May all the bairns die and decay.

We are further admonished by an old writer that—

The girls are all stark naught that wed in May.

To add, also, an oft-quoted proverb:—

Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive.

The same superstition prevails in Scotland; and in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" we are told how "that day of the week upon which the 14th of May happens to fall is esteemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year; none marry or begin any business upon it. None choose to marry in January or May, or to have their banns proclaimed in the end of one quarter of the year, and to marry in the beginning of the next." Sir Walter Scott was not exempt from this prejudice, for we read how he hurried away from London that his daughter Sophia's wedding might take place before this inauspicious month commenced. According to a Scotch proverb, still much credited:—

Married in May, and kirked in green,
Baith bride and bridegroom wad na be seen."

Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Brides and Bridals" (1873, I., 292), refers the evil reputation of marriages solemnised in May to the Church's absolute rule forbidding weddings between Rogation and Whit Sunday. Of the numerous ill consequences formerly supposed to befall those who might marry in this month are the following:—"That women disobeying the rule would be childless; or, if they had children, that the first-born would be an idiot, or have some physical deformity; or that the married couple would not live happily together in their new life, but soon quarrel."

May marriages are considered unlucky, too, in France, and there is a common rhyme:—

Si le commun peuple dit vrai,
La mauvaise s'pouse en Mai.

June, on the other hand, has always been looked upon as a most fortunate month for marrying. When Ovid was anxious about the marriage of his daughter, we read how he

Resolv'd to match the girl, and tried to find
What days unpropitious were, what moons were kind;
After June's sacred Ices his fancy strid'd,
Good to the man and happy to the maid;

one reason, perhaps, for the popularity of this month being that it contains the summer solstice, and is a season of fruitfulness. It is a very popular month in Scotland, and in the year 1874, in the city of Glasgow, the marriages in the month of May were only 204, but as many as 703 in June; the average of the eleven months, excluding May, being 441. Passing on to other seasons connected with marriage, it appears in days gone the Church forbade marriages to be celebrated between the first Sunday in Advent and Hilary Day, between Septuagesima Sunday and Low Sunday, and Rogation Sunday and Trinity Sunday. Hence the following rhyme:—

Advent marriage doth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty;
Septuagesima says thee nay,
Eight days from Easter says you may;
Rogation bids thee to contain,
But Trinity sets thee free again.

In an old almanac for 1612 we find the following, illustrative of the above rule:—

Times prohibiting marriage this year,
From the 27 November till January 13,
From February 6 until April 18,
From May 16 until June 6.

Although these restrictions were abolished at the Reformation, yet many continued to respect the prohibitions till the close of the seventeenth century, and even later.

"Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day has been at all times a black day in the calendar," says Brand ("Pop. Antiq.," 1849, ii. 168), "of impatient lovers." On this account few marriages ever take place, being generally postponed until the ensuing day.

The Scottish people, as we learn from the reports of the Registrar-General, have a special fondness for marrying on the last day of the year. Indeed, it appears, there are more marriages in Scotland on that day than in any week of the year, excepting the week in which that day occurs. Thus, by way of illustration, in the year 1861, the returns give the number of marriages in the eight principal towns as averaging about twenty-five a day, exclusive of Sunday. On Dec. 31, however, in the same towns there were between 400 and 500 marriages.

With the ancient Greeks, January was a favourite season for marriage; the 4th being considered by Hesiod as a favourable day; but the 16th and 18th were generally avoided.

In an old almanac for the year 1655, certain days are pointed out as "good to marry or contract a wife (for then women will be fond and loving)—namely, Jan. 2, 4," &c.

Lent is still thought by many to be an unlucky season for matrimony, for we are told—

Marry in Lent
And you'll live to repent.

That this superstition, however, is not countenanced by those in high places may be inferred from the fact that some of the present Royal Family have been married in Lent. It is considered unlucky, too, to marry on the feast of St. Joseph (March 19), and this day is therefore often avoided.

According to a piece of Russian folk-lore, Easter engagements are supposed to bring money; those at Ascensiontide, health; those at Whitsuntide, peace in the domestic circle, and those at Trinity, a numerous progeny. Lastly, many a bridal couple are not only particular as to the month they select for their wedding-day, but they take care that its evening shall have, if possible, a growing moon. Indeed, we are told that, in the Orkneys, if a bride can marry with a growing moon and flowing tide she considers herself a favourite of fortune.

NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Oliphant is a little hard upon the critics considering the praise she has won from them. They may allow that she is perhaps too ambitious, too versatile, too prone to grasp at her own the whole realm of literature; but there is not one of them who will deny that she is a charming writer, with considerable acquisitions, with fine poetical instincts, with generous and lofty aims. Here is another large and delightful work from her pen—*The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century*, three vols. (Macmillan and Co.). It would be curious to ask the cause of the pleasure we gain from its perusal? There is in it little that can be said to be new to a reader acquainted with the literature of the period. The pages abound with biographical incidents, and the lives of Cowper, Burns, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, and Scott, to mention a few prominent names among many, may be said to be written here in miniature. The author's criticisms, too, far from being perverse and eccentric, are for the most part such as we might expect from a woman of high culture and good taste. "How true and just this is," we exclaim, as the writer allures us on from page to page; so true and so just, indeed, that when, in rare instances, we meet with an opinion not generally accepted, it is with a feeling of surprise. And yet the book although very unequal has not a dull page, nor has it a remark which it would be fair to characterise as common-place. The strength of the volumes lies, we think, in the generous enthusiasm of the writer, in her exquisite appreciation of what is noble in literature and in life, in the felicity of expression which throws light and colour upon familiar themes. It would be unfair in a notice too brief to do this "Literary History" justice, to dwell upon its defects, but it may be observed that the title of the book raises expectations which it can be scarcely said to justify, unless, indeed, we accept Carlyle's dictum that biography is the only history. By far the larger part of Mrs. Oliphant's attention is centred on the poets who made the beginning of this century so famous, and on their immediate predecessors, Cowper and Burns. The former was the boldest of innovators in an age that had not escaped from the influence of Pope, and the latter in a way still more beautiful, found all his inspiration from nature and from love. Crabbe, too, was a genuine singer, though his poetry has been compared to a peach with the bloom rubbed off; and the author's account of the poet Scott loved so well gives a just estimate of a man whose writings for the present, at least, seem to be out of date. Wordsworth, "the immortal Dalesman, the poet of wide atmospheres and silent skies," receives the fullest recognition; and we are all the more glad to read Mrs. Oliphant's glowing eulogy of the great Ode, since of late it has been somewhat disparaged by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Right glad, too, are we to see with what a vigorous hand she grapples with Carlyle's unappreciative estimate of Walter Scott, and also with what subtle insight she comments on the marvellous imagination of Coleridge. Truly does she observe that "the three poems on which his reputation rests are among the most perfect of the great productions of the age." We regret to say so little of a book any chapter of which would afford ample food for appreciative comment. The names that fill these volumes take us back to one of the richest and to the most familiar of literary epochs. How much our country owes to the great masters of English literature who flourished nearly a century ago, will be best felt by those who are familiar with the narrower range of the so-called "Queen Anne Men" and the lesser lights that succeeded them. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Jane Austen and Scott, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, have opened up a new world, and we who live in it are apt to forget from whom we received the heritage. Mrs. Oliphant reminds us of our debt, and does this in a manner so attractive that the reader must be either dull or ungrateful who does not frankly acknowledge it.

A noble-looking book about a noble wine is *A History of Champagne*; by Henry Vizetelly (Henry Sotheran and Co.), with its covers of green and gold, the old "Imperial livery" of France, and with its profusion of illustrations. The engravings are no fewer than three hundred and fifty, it is stated, in number; some of them are of great interest, being derived from ancient sources, some of them are quaint, some of them are handsome, some of them are in excellent taste, very few are in questionable taste, and all are characteristic. To the history of champagne are added notes referring to other sparkling wines, such as Saumur; and it is probable that the large volume contains such an amount of information touching the subject of which it treats as cannot be found elsewhere. How competent the author was for the task he undertook is to be inferred from the functions he has discharged and from the exceptional opportunities he enjoyed; so that, though there may be an inclination to differ from him here and there, he who differs must feel considerable diffidence in doing so. Not many years ago the author published a little book entitled "Facts about Champagne and other Sparkling Wines," and those "facts" he has included in this more comprehensive work, but he has reviewed, revised, and extended them, adding to them and clustering about them a vast quantity of instructive, illustrative, entertaining, and ornamental literary matter, both verse and prose. The whole forms an exceedingly handsome and desirable volume.

Whoever will read *By the Sea of Galilee*, by M. S. Mac Ritchie (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), with illustrations by H. I. A. Miles, will be fain to acknowledge that it is a very pretty, touching, musical outburst of tender and pious feeling, in a very pretty and prettily illustrated little volume. It is nothing more, perhaps, but it is certainly nothing less, and the very prettiness is of the simple, unpretentious kind. The little poem is a fanciful version of the story told about the woman who touched the hem of the Saviour's robe and was discovered even in the throng that pressed about him; the treatment of the theme is quite modern, and it is doubtful whether the pathos is not diminished rather than enhanced by the conclusion. At any rate, it would have been more poetical, and less commonplace, to have made the heavenly influence, which was transmitted through the touch, sufficient in itself for complete happiness without the addition of, however pure, an earthly love.

About 200 members of Parliament and other leading supporters of the United Kingdom Alliance were present at a breakfast on the 18th inst., under the presidency of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, to welcome Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, by whom, as the head of the Government, the New South Wales License Bill was brought before the Legislature, and became a law, which provides for Sunday closing and local option throughout the country.

A special meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers was recently held in the Guildhall for the purpose of approving of an agreement in relation to the completion of the Inner Circle Railway between the Mansion House and Aldgate Stations, by which the City authorities undertake to contribute £300,000, and the Metropolitan Board of Works £250,000, towards the new street, sixty feet wide, from Gracechurch-street to Tower-hill. The agreement was ordered to be signed.



1. Ornamental Water in the Abbey Park. 2. North View in the Abbey Park. 3. Leicester, from the North. 4. Leicester Abbey, from the Park. 5. The Abbey Park. 6. Part of the old Hall of Corpus Christi Guild, Leicester. 7. Entrance Gates of the Abbey Park.

VIEWS OF LEICESTER AND THE NEW PARK.

